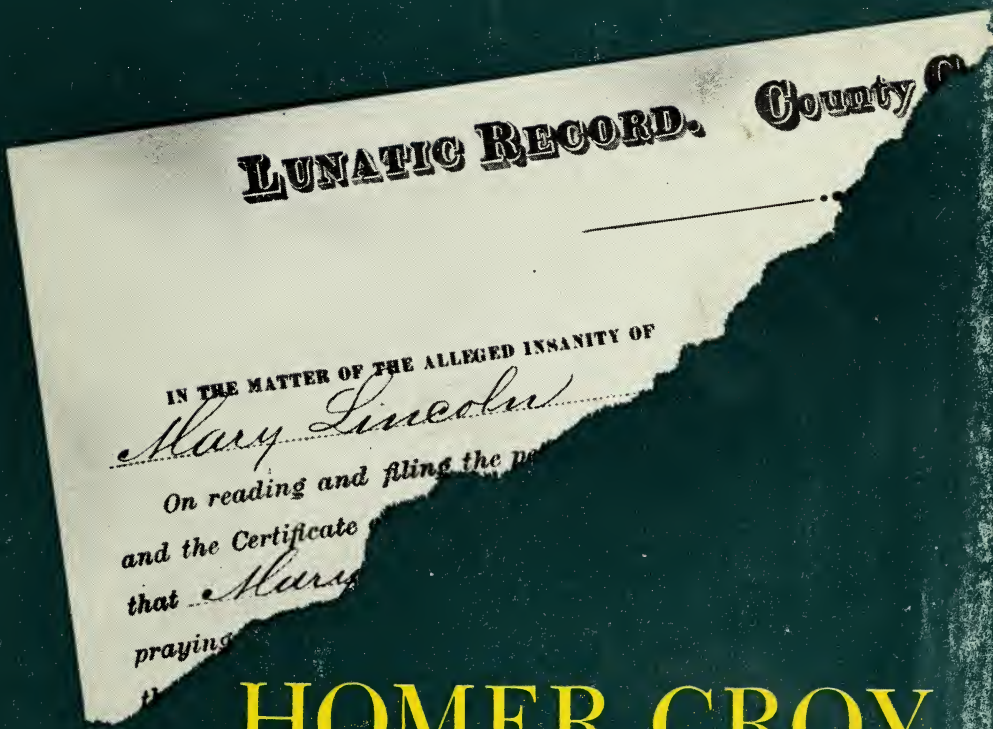
# The Trial of *Mrs. Abraham Lincoln*




HOMER CROY

$3.95

**A dramatic and moving account, based on new research, of an extraordinary ordeal of the human spirit.**

# THE TRIAL OF MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HOMER CROY

Mary Todd Lincoln had had a tragic life. Three of her four sons had died. In the war years she had been charged with Southern sympathies. She had been pilloried in the press for her extravagance. Her husband's former partner, Herndon, had blackened her character. And in the final bitter blow, her husband was assassinated before her eyes at Ford's Theater.

Her only living son, Robert, and she were estranged, for her daughter-in-law did not like her. Homeless, she wandered from hotel to hotel. Her few friends—acquaintances only—were charmed by her wit, her intelligence, and her knowledge of world affairs and put off by her moodiness, her deep depressions, and her growing eccentricities.

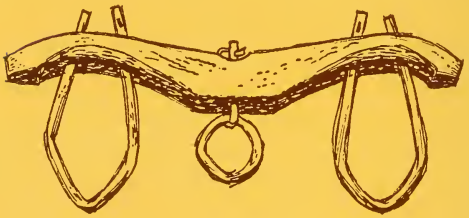
This unhappy woman, deeply marked by tragedy and with little to live for, was suddenly bundled into the Chicago courthouse where Robert Lincoln, her son, in a shocking miscarriage of justice, had her declared legally insane. This is the story of that trial.

*Jacket design by A/D Associates*

08-62

LINCOLN ROOM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY



MEMORIAL

*the Class of 1901*

*founded by*
HARLAN HOYT HORNER
*and*
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://archive.org/details/trialofmrsabraha00croy

*The Trial of*

# MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Other Books by* HOMER CROY

JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR

HE HANGED THEM HIGH

OUR WILL ROGERS

LAST OF THE GREAT OUTLAWS

THE LADY FROM COLORADO

TRIGGER MARSHAL: THE STORY OF CHRIS MADSEN

STAR MAKER: THE STORY OF D. W. GRIFFITH

# *The Trial of*

# MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY HOMER CROY

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE
New York

COPYRIGHT © 1962 BY HOMER CROY

All rights reserved. No part of this book in excess of five hundred words may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

*First Edition*

*Affiliate of*
MEREDITH PRESS
*Des Moines & New York*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGUE CARD NUMBER: 62-15455

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FOR MEREDITH PRESS

VAN REES PRESS • NEW YORK

973.7163
C2C88t
Cop. 2

# *Foreword*

The reason the story of the sanity trial of Mary Todd Lincoln has never before been told in factual form is that the legal papers were destroyed, and it was almost impossible to come by the facts. Even the docket number of the case disappeared. The shorthand notes taken by the court stenographers disappeared, as well as all loose papers. When Ida M. Tarbell was writing her two-volume life of Lincoln, she discovered that most of the official papers were missing; she instituted a search and saved some documents, copies of which are now at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. William E. Barton, the father of Bruce Barton, came up against this dead wall when he was investigating the case. He was shocked to find that the official records had been tampered with, in some cases stolen. He communicated with the oldest clerks in the court, but they had never seen, or heard of, the papers. With their help he was able to find some secondary papers that had evidently been overlooked. However, since he worked in this field, many Lincoln letters, sealed for years, have been made available to writers in 1947.

Carl Sandburg and Paul M. Angle's *Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow,* published in 1932, gave the trial only six hundred words. But in 1932 there was not much material available.

I myself have followed, for the most part, the story as it was reported in the Chicago papers, four of which covered the trial. In addition, several state papers had firsthand stories of the event.

I have written dialogue for which there is no historical support. I've done this only after a study of the characters and what must have been said by them—at least as I understand the characters.

Before I close this Foreword, I want to send up a shout for the best book written (in my opinion) on Mary Todd Lincoln. It is *Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage* by Ruth Painter Randall. She blows up Herndon until there are only a few whiskers left. And she demolishes the story he started that Lincoln and his wife did not get along well. To anyone who wants to know about Mary Todd Lincoln's full and complete life, I recommend the book. You'll come to know that strange, tortured and yet somehow noble woman.

H. C.

*The Trial of*

# MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

# *Chapter 1*

AN outstanding trait of Mary Todd Lincoln's was her love of money. It made her what she was, then, ironically, turned around and destroyed her. It really was not quite that simple, for she loved possessions. But possessions can be thought of as one manifestation of money. In addition to this trait it must be noted that she was extremely volatile. In her youth she was one minute laughing; the next, weeping. This pursued her into age; tears did not come then, but hot words did. And then, in no time at all, she would be calm, considerate and delightful.

Her love of possessions was first remarked when she was a child, in Lexington, Kentucky. When she was seven years old, her mother died. Little Mary was deeply attached to her mother; suddenly her mother was not there. Her father loved his family, but he was aloof and did not give much time to Mary. The child was left alone. Then a new mother came to preside in the house. Mary did not get along with her stepmother. And now the lonely little girl had to build up something she could cling to. This she did in a most simple and natural way—dolls. She gathered around her a great number of dolls, probably more than any other girl in Lexington had.

They were her protection. As long as she had dolls, she had security. It was that simple to the little girl.

Her father was one of the well-to-do men of the town, but at about this time a pinch came. There was always danger, she learned, of losing one's money. This, too, made an impression on her—more of one, seemingly, than would have been made on a less sensitive child. She was considered precocious and impressionable, and she was much to herself. As if this wasn't enough handicap for a child to start life with, she had another cross: she had an exceedingly mercurial nature. She would fly into a temper and make a shameful scene. Then, almost as quickly as the sun coming out from behind a cloud, this display would be over, and her own personal sun would be shining. Everybody liked her; she was "popular," and thus, with these emotions within her, she started life.

She wanted somebody to take care of her. Her father did, indeed, take care of her, but this was an impersonal matter. He took care of his whole family, of which Mary was just one. This trait, too, on top of her other mental complications, was a part of this strangely mixed young personality. She was a strange case of not a dual personality, but a triple one.

She had these three outstanding traits of character: her love of money, her great desire for possessions and her wish for somebody to protect her. Of course, she had many more convolutions to her character, for no human being can be pared down to three or four traits. She was, as a matter of fact, a vastly complex person, but the traits just mentioned would seem to be the ones which made—and unmade—her.

A strange working out of these intermingled traits rose to a climax in 1875. In March she went to Jacksonville, Florida. She was depressed and nervous and alone. She had no one she could lean on. But no woman ever had a better

reason to be in a low state. Her husband had been assassinated ten years before, and she had lost three sons, and now she had only one living son, Robert Todd Lincoln, named for her father and herself.

She was so nervous, so apprehensive, that she walked the floor at night to dispel the terrors of the dark. Of a morning she would have breakfast alone, speaking to hardly anyone. During the day she would wander through the stores, looking at the articles on sale. From time to time she would make a purchase, take it to her hotel and put it in a trunk. Then she would go out and sit in the park and watch the people go by, still speaking to no one. At night she would go to her room and face another terrifying time.

One night she dreamed Robert was ill. She and President Lincoln both believed in dreams. Several times the two had discussed the idea that dreams often held truth and sometimes foretold the future.

Robert had established himself in Chicago as a rising, if eccentric, young lawyer. He had married the daughter of the richest man in the Senate, Senator James Harlan of Iowa. Robert liked the smell of money, and here he got a very pleasant sniff. Robert had a child that had been named for his mother. Mary Todd Lincoln was delighted with the child; it was the most wonderful in the world; no one could blame a grandmother for believing that. She'd had four sons. Now she had, in a way, a daughter. But trouble came between Robert's wife and his mother. The wife had snobbish friends in Chicago and did not want them to meet her eccentric mother-in-law. Finally she told Robert she did not want his mother to come to the house again. This was a blow to Robert. He could only make the best of it.

Robert himself had a pronounced inferiority complex; this he tried to hide by his manner of dressing. He was a dandy,

with a fine tawny beard. He liked to be alone and was curt to people who wanted to see him. "People don't want to see me," he said; "they want to say they've talked to the President's son." There the two were—mother and son, each wanting to come close to the other, but not knowing how.

Alarmed by her dream, Mary Todd Lincoln, acting with the headlong speed which she so often employed, sent a telegram to the Lincoln family doctor in Chicago, Dr. Ralph N. Isham:

MY BELIEF IS THAT MY SON IS ILL. TELEGRAPH. I START FOR CHICAGO TOMORROW.

Dr. Isham hurried to Robert Todd Lincoln's office. Was Robert ill? Robert was not; he was in excellent health. And then Dr. Isham showed him the telegram. They would, the two decided, telegraph her that Robert was well and that there was no need for her to come. While they were talking, a messenger arrived with a telegram addressed to Robert:

MY DEARLY BELOVED SON, ROBERT TODD LINCOLN. ROUSE YOURSELF AND LIVE FOR YOUR MOTHER. YOU ARE ALL I HAVE. FROM THIS HOUR ALL I HAVE IS YOURS. I PRAY EVERY NIGHT THAT YOU MAY BE SPARED TO YOUR MOTHER.

Robert asked himself, What made his mother think he was so ill that she must rush to his bedside? What did she mean by, "From this hour all I have is yours"? Did she mean money? Had she awakened to a realization that she squandered money and that her extravagances had put his father into debt? Or did she mean affection?

He was doubly concerned, for his mother was becoming more and more eccentric.

He thought first of sending her a telegram telling her that he was not ill and advising her not to come, but he realized it was too late. He went to the depot, when it was time for

the Jacksonville train, and there was his mother: a short, plump woman, five feet and three inches tall, with a face that had once been called beautiful but was now marked with care. She was dressed in somber black, and on her head was a widow's cap. Was this the Mary Todd Lincoln who had once been the belle of Springfield, Illinois? The woman who had captured the love of Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln? And, as to her height, he must have thought of what his father, who was six feet and four inches, had said. His father had smiled and said, "Here's the long and short of it." There was a detail which he noted; she seemed to have on too many skirts.

He hurried to greet her. "How are you, Mother?"

"Thank God!" she cried. "Oh, thank God!"

She looked at him tenderly, asking over and over how he felt. "And how is darling little Mary?"

"She often asks about you."

"I would love to see her dear, sweet face again. She is my only girl grandchild."

"Mother," he said cautiously, "you don't seem to dress as becomingly as you used to."

"There are more important matters than dress."

The moment came to leave. "My trunks," she said. "Here are the claim checks." After a delay he was able to find the trunks. He looked in surprise, for there were five of them.

"I didn't know you had so many, Mother. Do you take that many clothes with you?"

"There are many things in the trunks besides clothes."

"I'll have them delivered to my home."

"I thank you, Robert, but I can't go to your house, even with little Mary there. I don't want to go where I'm not welcome. I've telegraphed the Grand Pacific Hotel to hold a room. That is where I'll ask you to take me."

He secured a carriage, and the two got in. She asked to be driven past the house she had once owned at 375 West Washington Street. After the President's death, Congress had voted her a sum of money equal to Lincoln's yearly salary, twenty-two thousand dollars. She had paid debts that had accumulated, then had put the rest in the house. As the carriage approached the house, she asked that it be stopped. When this was done, she sat gazing at the house in silence, then said: "I had all of you then, except Eddie. You can drive on now."

"Do you want to go by the Clifton House?" he asked.

"No." She mused for a moment. "He was a lovely child."

It had been at the Clifton House that Tad had died.

They arrived at the Grand Pacific Hotel, which once had been impressive but now was seedy. When Robert saw the room he was distressed, for it was dark and gloomy. But this did not seem to affect his mother. Once she would have wanted only the best, but now she did not think so much of worldly things. Her mind dwelt on the spirit and on her inner self.

Things were straightened in the room, and as this was being done, she talked of his "cherished father" and of his "dear, dear brothers" and of her enemies in Washington. These men, she said, instead of appreciating what the President had done for them, wanted to take advantage of her and use her in any way they could. They had fought bitterly against giving her a pension, and they would, she said, continue to oppose her. "I'll outwit them. I have a great inner strength." And Robert, hearing this, knew it was true. She seemed frail, but something within buoyed her up.

Mother and son had a chance to talk. She told about her stay in Europe and about the people she had met. Never had she seemed more clear-minded. Robert was pleased; this sen-

sible talk offset the way she had come flying from Florida. But when she spoke of money, fear showed again. She was poor, she said; she had barely enough to get along on, yet she had just finished telling about her trip to Europe. She wanted, she continued, to "buy some things."

"What do you want to buy, Mother?"

"Clothes, parasols, watches. Fine dress goods. I must have things around me. I don't want to be in a rented room that has nothing that belongs to me."

Now that the moment of worry about money and possessions was over, she was herself again, alert and penetrating. He remembered how his mother had been able to help his father in judgments about the men around him. She had a kind of feminine instinct that made her see motives quicker than the President did. He understood issues. She had a gift for understanding people.

She spoke of something that affected her deeply, although it had happened several years before the present. And this was that when she had moved out of the White House she had been accused of stealing some of its furnishings and having them carted away. She said again, as she had many times before, that after the President's death and when she was in mourning, the White House had been looted. Many presents had been sent to her and the President, but she had not been able to remove these, so soon had the plundering begun. But the newspapers and the Lincoln-haters had taken up the story and had exaggerated it till she was regarded as little more than a thief. She had stolen nothing from the White House, she said. There was a small dressing-stand that the President had used and which she cherished for its memories. She had, she said, gone to the Commissioner of Public Buildings, in Washington, and had got his permission to take this for herself. To be scrupulous, she had found a

stand that was almost the same as the first and had sent it to replace the one she had asked for.

And now, as she looked at her son, she felt he was the only one in the world she had to lean on. Once it had been her husband; now it was Robert, the son she could never understand. He was, she had said, the least like his father of any of the boys. Tad was most like him, she had declared. But one thing she never mentioned, and this was that Tad had been tongue-tied. She had taken him to Germany, away from the boys who mimicked him and made fun of him, and had given him speech lessons. He had improved; she was thankful to God for that.

Robert took up something that was deeply on his mind. Widows were often parted from their money. "Mother, where do you keep your securities?"

"I keep them safely."

"How much would they amount to if you cashed them in?"

"I prefer not to say, Robert. You always want to know about my money. It is safe and I spend it wisely."

"Mother, I must tell you I think you spend it recklessly."

"I spend it the way that gives me the most satisfaction. Is that not the way to spend? How do you spend yours?"

"We have nice friends and we move in a circle that appeals to us."

When the time came for him to go, she grew nervous and apprehensive. "The dark . . . I can't stand the dark. I've never never been able to stand it since your father died. I keep the gas burning all night."

"I'll stay with you," said Robert, and took a room next to hers.

In the middle of the night, she got up and rapped on his door. "I can't sleep. Come and talk to me."

And this he did, tenderly, wishing he could do more. Her

fear passed, and she began to talk clearly and with penetration. But when the subject was money or possessions or her need of some person to share her life, her talk was irrational.

Her mind went back to her childhood. "My father was a man with the highest principles, but I never felt I knew him. I never climbed on his lap. Does little Mary climb on your lap?"

"Sometimes."

"I think I can sleep now," she said. "There are only two of us left. Only two," she repeated. "Never a waking hour passes that I do not think of your father. Thank you for sitting up with me."

The next morning she was bright and cheerful, and she talked about her "plans." She would travel, even if she had to go alone. "Maybe I could take little Mary with me."

"I think her mother would want her to remain with her," said Robert, ill at ease.

"Won't I get to see her, Robert?"

"I hope so."

The two had breakfast together.

"They tried to poison me in Jacksonville," she said. "I got a cup of coffee at the station. I tasted it. It contained poison."

"Don't you think you imagined it?"

"No."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it aside."

"Did you report it?" he asked.

"It would be no use. I was soon on the train hurrying north to you."

After breakfast he went to his office, but left early for his home. His wife realized he must have spent the night with his mother, and had not worried. He told her what had

happened, then said, "Mother is in a dismal room and is lonesome. I would like to bring her here,"

"I know you would and I can understand it, but it wouldn't work out. When our friends came to see us, we wouldn't know how she would treat them. As you know, she is eccentric and hard to get along with. It might do for a few days, but she would disrupt our home and, sooner or later, we would have trouble. I don't think we should do it, Bob."

"She wants to be with little Mary."

"She is always sending her presents, as you know, but what would we do with your mother all day? And you say she walks the floor at night. I wouldn't have a moment's peace, day or night. I hate to take this attitude toward your mother, but there's no other."

"It hurts me to deny my mother."

"I know it does, but what else can we do? You said that she thought somebody tried to poison her at the railroad station. It wouldn't be safe to have her in the house. I hate to say it, but that is the way I feel about it."

The next afternoon, Robert went to his mother's hotel. She was sitting in her darkened room alone. Her trunks had arrived.

On a side table was a framed picture of President Lincoln.

"How have you been?" he asked.

"I've been shopping," she replied.

It soon developed she had been to Charles Gossage & Company, 106 State Street, to Stewart & Aldrich, State Street, and to the Allen & Mackey Department Store, all of which were expensive.

"What did you buy, Mother?"

"I bought four parasols and three ladies' watches."

He expostulated with her, but she hardly heard him. She

had wanted these things, and she'd bought them with her own money, she said.

"What do you do with the things you buy?" he asked.

"I keep them."

"You can't keep all of them."

"I give some away. It's the only way I can gain friends. I used to have so many friends."

He became distressed. Was his mother right mentally?

After supper, they returned to her room, where they talked. When the subject was not herself, she talked well, but when the subject of money came up, or possessions or when she said she no longer had a protector, she spoke wildly. This would pass, and again the conversation would be general. Her grasp of national affairs surprised him. She mentioned General Grant. She was bitter against him because he had waited so long to give Robert a commission.

"I didn't hold it against him," said Robert.

"I did."

When the time came for Robert to leave, she grew nervous and apprehensive. "I'll have to keep the gas burning. It's still a shock to wake up in the night and not find your father beside me."

"I'll stay overnight with you, Mother."

She was pleased. "Thank you, Robert. You are so considerate. You are all I have now. You and little Mary."

"I'm sorry I can't ask you to come home with me," he said.

"I understand," she said. And she did, for she had a keen perception of things that one would not expect her to grasp. "Maybe you can leave little Mary here with me at the hotel some day."

"I hope so," he said.

He remained that night. He heard her stirring, and got up. She had opened the hall door and was on her way to the

elevator. He got in, put his arms around her and tried to get her out.

"Stop!" she cried. "You are going to murder me!"

With the help of the elevator man, he got her to her room. She seemed in a daze. "I have so many nightmares. I dream of people being killed, as your father was."

When breakfast time came, she was again in a bright, cheerful mood. It was good, she said, to have breakfast with a loved one. "The nights are hard on me. Sometimes I dream about the fire four years ago."

"But you were not here, Mother."

"I had a friend burned to death."

He went to his office, and again she was alone. And again she went to the stores and bought things and had them sent to her hotel. So many came that she had to buy two more trunks. Sometimes she put her purchases in the trunks without opening the packages. When delivery boys arrived, she invited them in and gave them extravagant tips. If they remained a few minutes, she was delighted. It was nice to have somebody to talk to. The evenings were long. She had a rocking chair, and as she rocked, she looked at the framed picture of the President on the center table.

## *Chapter 2*

ROBERT decided to go to Springfield to see his mother's favorite cousin, John Todd Stuart. His mother said that he was the best-mannered and most aristocratic man in Springfield. His father and Stuart had met during the Black Hawk War. His father had become a captain in the little make-believe war. John Todd Stuart had been a major. The two had become friends, and Stuart had invited Lincoln to join him and become his law partner. His father had been delighted to become the law partner of the distinguished Major John Todd Stuart. Their card read:

> J. T. Stuart and A. Lincoln, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, will practice conjointly, in the Courts of this Judicial Circuit—Office No. 4 Hoffman's Row, upstairs, Springfield.

John Todd Stuart was a lawyer, and he looked the part. Shortly before the two had formed their partnership, Stuart had been engaged by an Englishman to represent him in a case not too far from Springfield. The day of the trial came, but because Stuart was called away, it was left to Lincoln to handle the case.

Lincoln prepared himself, went to the town and looked up the Englishman. "I am the lawyer who is to represent you."

The Englishman, used to the formality of wigs and the trappings of a British court, stared at Lincoln. "I think I am the victim of an American joke," he said, and walked away and engaged another lawyer, who promptly lost the case.

After the two had formed their partnership, Stuart ran for Congress. Lincoln managed the campaign so successfully that this was a factor in Stuart's election, and the two became even closer friends, great as the contrast between them was. And now this was the man that Robert Todd Lincoln was going to for advice.

There, in his office, was the still handsome, still well-mannered man who had been his father's law partner thirty-four years ago. Robert Todd Lincoln found himself ill at ease and wishing he did not have to speak on such a delicate subject.

"I want to talk something over with you," said Robert Todd Lincoln. "My mother has come to Chicago, and I am distressed about her. I think the assassination of my father and the worries that have come upon her have affected her mind."

"I know that for many years she has been 'queer,' but to have an affected mind! It's a shock, Robert."

Robert told about her arrival from Florida and how "they" had tried to poison her. He spoke of the great number of trunks she had, her almost overwhelming desire to accumulate possessions and of her fear-filled nights. Now that he had begun, he spoke more easily. "She buys things and stores them away in her trunks. She doesn't even know what's in some of the trunks. She gives away many of the things she has bought—sometimes to comparative strangers. She has securities, but she will not tell me how much, nor where she keeps them, but I think she carries them with her."

"In her reticule?"

"In her skirts."

" 'In her skirts?' " repeated Stuart.

"I have reason to believe that."

"I can't understand such actions," said Stuart. "Once she was such great fun. Her tongue was sharp, but almost instantly her flash of temper was over, and she was again delightful."

"I remained several nights at her hotel, in a room adjoining hers. One night I heard her stirring. I got up. The door to her room was open, and I saw her, scantily dressed, getting into the elevator. I hurried to her and put my arms around her. 'Stop!' she shouted. 'You are going to murder me!' I got her back to her room as best I could. She seemed to come out of a haze and said, 'I have so many nightmares. I dream of people being killed, as your father was.' "

"What do you propose to do, Robert?"

"That is what I came to talk to you about. I keep going over and over it in my mind, but get nowhere. I have high regard for my mother, and I want to do the best I can for her."

"Do you want to get control of her money?"

"She's wasting it. She may even soon be without funds."

"The only way this can be done is to have her judged incapable of managing her affairs. That, as you know, would have to be done through the court. It means your mother will be branded as insane."

Robert had realized this, but to hear the slow-spoken, impersonal Stuart put it into cold words shocked him more than his own thoughts on the subject had. "I want to do what's best for her," he said.

The two talked for a while longer; then Robert went to his mother's hotel to comfort her. She was sitting in her

darkened room, rocking. She got up quickly, delighted to see her son. "I'd been hoping you'd come," she said. "I know you wouldn't disappoint me. I had a bad night." As the two talked, there was a knock at the door. When she opened it, there was a delivery boy with a package.

"Is this Mrs. M. T. Lincoln?"

"I am Mrs. Lincoln."

"Here's your stuff from the store." He gave her a bundle and left.

"What is that, Mother?" asked Robert.

"Lace curtains."

"But you have no house to put them in. Why do you buy them?"

"It gives me pleasure to have them."

He took her to the dining room, where she talked of what she called "the old days . . . when your father was living."

After supper he conducted her to her room, then, excusing himself, went to the office of the manager of the hotel, Samuel M. Turner, and spoke about his mother. She was, he said, under a strain and at times did things that were not easily understandable. "Overlook all you can. If she is found in the hall, it is because she has nightmares and doesn't know what she is doing."

Turner said he understood such things.

Robert returned to his mother. She began to talk about the people who had come to the White House, all wanting something "from your father." Robert was impressed with how acutely she had observed and how well she had understood the political issues of her day. As he rose to go, she said, "I'll have to cash in another bond tomorrow."

They looked at each other tenderly, but made no demonstration of their affection. "Good-by," he said, and left. After he had gone, she wept silently.

Robert decided to go to see his father's old friend who now was a judge in the Supreme Court of Illinois. David Davis had been important in his father's life. Almost single-handed he had run Lincoln as a "dark horse" for the Republican nomination in 1860, and again he had run him a possible nominee at the Chicago Republican convention. Lincoln valued him highly, but there were others more reserved in their opinions. Judge Davis had made himself a millionaire, they said, in ways not wholly acceptable. Lincoln himself had said at one time that Davis was greedy, and for a time the two men had not spoken. But this had cleared away, and Lincoln had said that if "anything ever happened to him," he would like Judge Davis to administer his estate. And this Davis had done exceedingly well, for he had the money-making instinct. Lincoln had drawn up wills for many people, but he did not draw up one for himself. Lincoln left $83,000. By skillful handling of the estate, Davis increased it to $110,000 when, in 1868, his final report was handed in. Mrs. Lincoln had been grateful to "kind Mr. Davis," as she called him.

And there, when Robert went to see him, was the ponderous Judge Davis, the great and true friend. He weighed 280 pounds. Once Lincoln had said, "Davis is so big that they don't measure him for his pants; they survey him."

"Come in," said Judge Davis heartily. "I'm glad to see you. How are you, Bob? Although we live in the same town, we don't get to see each other often. When I see you, I think of your father. I don't know whether I've ever told you this story or not. Anyway, it's worth repeating. I was traveling circuit and one night arrived in Danville, Illinois, and went to the McCormick House for sanctuary. I found the place completely filled, with no place for me to lay my weary head. I prevailed upon the manager and finally softened his heart.

He said he had two beds in the ladies' parlor, but they were disadvantageously placed, for they were in the direct path of any lady who wished to seclude herself for a few moments. I told the manager I would welcome the spot as an Arab would an oasis, so into bed I got. So far, all is well. But that night there came to this hotel two weary travelers—namely, your father and Henry C. Whitney. In the middle of the night, I heard voices and suspected what might be afoot. The manager brought the two in and said, 'There's the bed. Unfortunately it's only for one person. The other bed is quite commodious. Maybe one of you will like to share that with the gentleman presently in it.' Hearing these words, I spread myself out, filling, I am quite sure, the bed. And so that night your father and Harry Whitney slept the sleep of the just, while the unjust got along pretty well in his double bed."

Judge Davis had told the story a thousand times, but laughed as if he had told it for the first time, his great stomach moving up and down. "Oh, yes! Another story comes immediately to mind. In fact, to know your father was to know stories about him. Once your father and I were standing in line at a White House reception. I opine there's nothing in the world as dreary as an official White House reception. People flowed by us in a solid stream. Your father tried to engage in their witless palaver, but he was too honest, too sincere, to make a success of it. There it was: *handshake . . . gabble-gabble . . . handshake.* As the people were flowing by, your father edged over to me and said, 'I never knew until the other day how you spell the word "maintenance." ' And then he spelled it out between handshakes: *m* . . . handshake . . . *a* . . . handshake, and so on." Judge Davis' great booming laugh rolled out.

No wonder, Robert thought, his father had liked this mountain of a man.

"Now what've you got on your mind?" asked Judge Davis.

"It's about my mother."

"Is she here?"

"Yes."

"In Chicago?"

"At the Grand Pacific Hotel. It hasn't been easy to come to you. In fact, I've debated it for several days, but I don't know anyone who can give me as good advice. I think my mother's mind is disturbed."

"Oh . . . Well, she was always high-strung, as the expression goes. She could have more moods in an hour—most of them delightful—than any person I ever knew. Once the Honorable James C. Conkling described her as 'the very creature of excitement.' In what way do you think your mother's mind is disturbed? You will understand we are on serious grounds."

Robert told of the telegrams and then—hesitatingly—of the night she had screamed that he was trying to murder her. "It's not easy to say all this."

"I quite understand. Will you continue?"

"She is dissipating her money. I'm worried about that."

"That is a subject I know something about. As you know, I was able to increase her estate substantially."

"I was at her hotel one day when a delivery boy brought in four pairs of lace curtains she'd bought, yet she has no home. She lives in hotels."

"Why, in your opinion, does she make such extravagant purchases?" asked Judge Davis.

"I don't know. Even if she is my mother, I don't understand her."

"Sometimes members of a family understand each other least of all. Do you want to secure control of her finances?"

"If I don't, she will be completely out of funds. I would like to shelter her and take care of her, but there are family objections, so I won't be able to do this."

"You know, in the state of Illinois, there is only one way that a person can secure control of another's money, and this is to have that person legally declared insane."

There was a silence.

"I know that, Judge," said Robert when he spoke. "I can't do that."

"There is no other way."

"I can't . . ." said the suffering man.

"I'm only quoting the law."

"I can't do it," said Robert.

A reminiscent smile came over Judge Davis' great moon face. "Money was always a problem in the Lincoln family. Your mother had more interest in money than your father had. Once I told him flat out that he had no business sense—he was a bit pawky with me. In a way, he sort of criticized me for having done fairly well financially. Do you know what I think characterizes your father better than anything I know? I've told it a thousand times, and I suspect you've heard it half that many. When he was elected President, he was living at the Chenery House in Springfield and when he got ready to go to the White House in Washington, he roped the trunks himself! That, I say, is the very essence of A. Lincoln."

Robert left, more worried and confused than ever.

When he got to her hotel, his mother was in her darkened room, slowly swaying back and forth in her rocking chair. In front of her, on the center table, was the picture of Robert's father so placed that she could see it by lifting her eyes. She brightened when he came in.

"How is little Mary?" His mother had an unusually deep affection for children. "If only I could see her!"

"Maybe you can some day," said Robert, suffering deeply. "She asks about you. She calls you 'Grand-mammy.' "

"Oh, the precious darling! Couldn't she spend the afternoon with me?"

"I'm afraid not, Mother. How are you feeling?" he asked, to change the painful subject.

"Nights are worst. Sometimes I walk the floor half the night. I hear noises. The other night I opened the door, looked out, and there was a man sitting in a chair in the hall."

"What did you do?"

"I locked the door and turned the gas higher."

As it nearly always did, the conversation went back to the days when she had "your father" and "we were happy." "There was never such a good man as your sainted father." She spoke of the tragedy at the theater. There was a faint hint of criticism. "You would not come with us that night. Maybe, if you had been in the box, things would have been different."

There was a knock, and when he opened the door, a delivery man was outside.

"Mrs. M. T. Lincoln?"

"Yes."

He brought in a large, square, brassbound trunk, and in a moment was gone. Robert and his mother stood looking at the huge trunk.

"Is it to put your purchases in?" asked Robert.

"Yes. I'm always running out of trunks."

"You say you have some in Milwaukee?"

"Yes. Either two or three."

"What is in them?"

"Things I've bought. They're in storage. I'll get to see them this summer."

"Are you going there this summer?"

"Yes."

"Why do you choose Milwaukee?"

"I have friends there. I had so many friends when your father was living."

"Why do you have things addressed 'Mrs. M. T. Lincoln'?"

"I don't want people to know who I am."

"Why not, Mother?"

"I've had enough public attention," she said bitterly.

Time came to go. "Good-by, Mother," he said, affected, as he always was, when he had to leave.

"Will you come tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Tell me everything that little Mary says."

The two parted without embracing.

When he got home, he told his wife of his call on Judge Davis and of his trip to see his mother.

"I'm sorry about your mother," she said, "but I don't think it would be wise to let her start coming here. Little Mary would not know what to make of her strange actions."

He had had legal advice. He would now, Robert decided, get medical advice, and so in a day or two he went to see the doctor to whom she had telegraphed from Florida. Dr. Ralph N. Isham was a bustling, self-assured little man adorned with burnsides.

"I'm glad you came to me," he said in his precise way when Robert explained what he wanted. "In fact, I've been on the point of speaking to you about your mother's condition. That telegram was definitely not the act of a well-reasoned mind. And her acts, as you have related them to me, since she has been in Chicago, are not the acts of a well-balanced person. She is, to use a non-medical term, 'flighty.' "

"Dr. Isham, I'm thinking of asking a court hearing on her sanity."

"I can quite understand your attitude," said the little man.

"If I do so, will you take the witness stand?"

"It's true I don't know much about what is called 'psychological cases,' but I'm willing to testify as a practicing physician."

Robert prepared to leave. "I thank you, Doctor. I hate to press for a hearing, more than anything that ever happened to me."

"We have many cases in Chicago in which they're better off with institutional care."

"That is what I hope, Doctor. Again I thank you."

"Good day, Mr. Lincoln. I shall be glad to be of service."

The days, for Mary Todd Lincoln, were long. She hadn't been able to see little Mary. Sometimes Robert told her a bit of news about the child. And when he did, Mary Todd Lincoln listened intently, smiling and nodding with delight, saying over and over, "the blessed child, the blessed child." But no invitation came from Robert's wife. As a result, she shopped more and more frequently, and bought more and more unneeded articles. It pleased her to have the clerks pay her flattering attention. To some she revealed who she was, but to most she kept her identity secret. Her purchases were made during the day. Evenings she sat alone and rocked, now and then lifting her eyes to the picture on the center table.

She especially made friends with Fern, the colored chambermaid, who told about her family and her problems. Mrs. Lincoln listened raptly, glad to get into another world. Mary had exceedingly warm sympathies, considering that she had been brought up in the South and was supposed to have a "Southern point of view." She was opposed to slavery and

now told the chambermaid how she had seen Negroes sold on the auction block in Lexington, Kentucky. Not only that, but she had seen them tied to the whipping post and lashed.

"Mr. Lincoln and I agreed on the matter of slavery," she said. "It was inhuman and must, Mr. Lincoln said, be abolished."

Finding Fern such a devoted listener, she spoke of something that so often came into her conversation—"that night at the theater."

"We were seated in the box. In it with us was Clara Harris, a young lady who was our guest. I was leaning against my husband, who was holding my hand. I suddenly realized I was being bold in the presence of our guest, so I said to Mr. Lincoln, 'What will Clara Harris think of my hanging on to you so?' 'She won't think anything about it,' he said—the last words he ever uttered. Just then a pistol shot rang out. I felt his hand jerk, and I screamed. The papers said that an unidentified person in the audience had screamed. I was that person. His head fell over on my shoulder, and his life's blood ran out on my sleeve."

She had to pause, so overcome was she with emotion, in spite of the many times she'd told the story.

"It was Good Friday!" she said when she was able to continue. "There is hardly a waking hour that I don't think of what happened that night at the theater."

"Did you and Mr. Lincoln ever have words?" asked Fern cautiously.

"I hardly know how to answer you. We were married twenty-three years, and lots of things can happen in a marriage that long. Mr. Lincoln and I had differences of opinion, and we argued; but we didn't let any real difference stand between us."

"Don't you think," said Fern, "we'd better open your trunks and air them?"

"They're all right," said Mrs. Lincoln. "They contain the things I have bought, as I've told you. One time, when I had the trunks stored in a warehouse, the building next to it caught on fire, but thank God the fire didn't get to our building!"

Her life was in the hotel—the chambermaid, the men who came to deliver things and, now and then, a visit from Robert. The chance to see little Mary did not come. In the hotel she was set down as a "complainer." One of the things she complained about was that men were following her. One night she opened the door and there was a man sitting in a chair at the end of the hall, so placed that he could see her room. She went to Samuel M. Turner, the manager. She was mistaken, said Mr. Turner; the man was the night watchman.

In the old-fashioned, slightly dingy dining room, she sat alone. Guests had learned who she was, and they stared at the strange little, round-faced woman. Here, also, she was known as a "complainer." She found fault with the food and with John, her waiter. Sometimes, however, one of the guests would engage her in conversation in the parlor. And here, on general subjects, she talked well, almost brilliantly. Especially was this true when she discussed President Lincoln's policies and the men around him. She seemed to see into these men and to understand their motives with remarkable clarity. If Robert came up in the conversation, she remained quiet, saying nothing at all.

One day a young boy came to deliver a package from Charles Gossage & Company. Mary looked at him closely, going over every feature. She surprised him by asking how old he was.

"Seventeen, lady."

"You look like one of my boys when he was your age."

"Is that so?" said the boy, hardly knowing what to say. "How old is he?"

"He is dead."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry, ma'am. How long ago did he die?"

"Four years ago."

The boy looked at her sympathetically, for he could see how deeply her son's death had affected her. "What was his name?"

"Tad. That was what we called him. His real name was Thomas. He was named for his father's father. He had auburn hair and blue eyes, like yours."

"I'm sure he must have been a nice son to you."

"He was. He was indeed!" cried Mrs. Lincoln. "We always understood each other. It's not always easy to understand people."

Moved by one of the sudden impulses that was part of her nature, Mrs. Lincoln went to the bureau and took a package from it. "This is for you because you look so much like my dead son."

The puzzled boy opened the package, not knowing what to think, nor what to say.

"It's for you," said Mrs. Lincoln, as the boy held up a watch.

He thanked her, still hardly knowing what had happened, and left.

After he was gone, Mary began to sob. "Tad was the only one who ever understood me."

"Doesn't your son Robert understand you?" asked Fern.

"No. But he will stand between me and the world. I have no other man in the family."

"He's nice-looking," said Fern, wanting to be sympathetic.

"All my sons were good-looking."

The big event of her day was when she went shopping. She would pay for the purchases and ask for them to be sent to her hotel. Sometimes they did not arrive. She would go back, then, and ask why they hadn't been delivered. Sometimes she found that the store had had orders not to send them. No one could do that but Robert.

## *Chapter 3*

THERE was a knock at the door. The day was May 19, 1875; the time was noon.

The hotel did not bother to send up a messenger to announce a visitor, so little did the management think of their eccentric roomer. Anybody who wished could walk up or take the elevator to the second floor, and rap.

Getting up, she started to the door. It might be Robert. On the other hand, when he knocked he usually called out, "Mother! It's Robert."

There was no such call.

"Mrs. Lincoln," said a voice beyond the door, "this is Leonard T. Swett."

Her mind went back over the past. He had been her husband's friend, yet she mistrusted him.

She recalled an incident about her husband and Leonard Swett. It was one of what was coming to be known as "Lincoln stories." Lincoln, Swett and his wife, and Henry C. Whitney were driving in a carriage from Urbana to Danville, a distance of thirty-six miles. It was problem enough to have four people in a buggy for so great a distance as that, let alone the problem of the road. The October rain had made a mud puddle of the road. The carriage creaked; the horses splashed. The

four became bored; anything would be preferable to the boredom they were experiencing.

Night approached. It was difficult to keep the carriage on the road. Lincoln solved it in his own way. He said he would go ahead, find the shallowest mud and call back directions to the driver, who, at the moment, was Judge Whitney. Lincoln removed his shoes and socks, got out, and proceeded barefooted down the road ahead of the buggy. What message came floating back? It made the people in the carriage laugh, and it lifted their spirits. The original ran like this:

"Mortal man, with feet of clay;
Here today; gone tomorrow."

Lincoln composed it his own way, and bawled it back over his shoulder:

"Mortal man, with face of clay;
Here tomorrow, gone today."

The story was sometimes told to favor Lincoln, sometimes against him, for his critics and enemies said it showed how crude he was. Others looked on it as amusing, and it increased their respect for him.

Mary Lincoln opened the door, and there Swett was—tall, broad-shouldered, with a beard, overpowering. He was wearing a tall silk hat and was carrying a gold-headed cane.

"How-de-do, Mrs. Lincoln," he said ingratiatingly. "I can see you are quite surprised. But here I am, and I hope you are well," he finished cheerfully.

"I am surprised, Mr. Swett," said Mary Lincoln. "Come in."

Entering, he handed her his hat and cane and soon was

seated. "How long have you been here, Mrs. Lincoln? I have only just learned you were in our city."

"I have been here two months."

"So long! How are you standing widowhood, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Not well, Mr. Swett. I miss him as greatly as I did the first week. I'm afraid I'm not a good widow."

"Naturally it was a shock. Shocks wane and grow less. We can be thankful for that."

"I'm not thankful for anything about it."

Swett changed the conversation back to himself. "You know what I was thinking, Mrs. Lincoln? I was thinking, as I came up the stairs, about the Republican convention here in 1860. I am proud I was one of the men who helped nominate your husband for President. This nomination and the sequence of events propelled him into the White House."

"He wasn't propelled, Mr. Swett. He was the nation's choice."

Swett smiled an understanding smile. "You are quite right, Mrs. Lincoln. I was speaking in a literary way rather than in an exact way. I am proud of the way I helped him along the path that led to the White House."

"You turned against him later, Mr. Swett."

"That is hardly a fair statement, Mrs. Lincoln. Politics is politics, and men must differ. Our paths did not part at the White House. I gave your husband advice on the selection of his Cabinet."

"Abraham listened to everybody, but made up his own mind."

"Did you influence him?"

"Sometimes I thought I did."

"That was Abe!"

"His friends called him 'Mr. Lincoln' or 'Abraham.' I am

pleased you have the thoughtfulness to call on me," continued Mary. "I suppose Robert told you I was here?"

"Yes, he told me."

"I am wondering, Mr. Swett, whether you would have any ulterior purpose in calling on me. So many people try to take advantage of me."

"I would not dream of taking advantage of you, Mrs. Lincoln. Being with you brings back a rush of memories, very pleasant ones, indeed. I think of something that happened during the summer of '64. General Grant was advancing relentlessly toward Richmond, but at a fearful cost."

"Grant was a butcher," said Mary, in one of her sudden flare-ups.

"You are right, Mrs. Lincoln, but he was successful. We must not forget that. During this trying period, I had to call on your husband at the White House to discuss with him a matter dealing with the Republican party. When I was conducted to his room, he was sitting by an open window. We spoke together, the two of us, for a moment. Then Mr. Lincoln looked out the window to a tree not far removed from the window. In the tree a bird was making little chirping sounds. *Tweet-tweet,* it went. Mr. Lincoln dropped our conversation completely and went *tweet-tweet* himself! The bird turned its head from side to side—like this—its curiosity piqued by something it couldn't understand. Again Mr. Lincoln went *tweet-tweet,* and again the bird solemnly turned its head and went *tweet-tweet*—and so did Mr. Lincoln."

"It sounds just like him."

"I was shocked, with men dying on the battlefield, that our President would engage in such a childlike performance. I shall tell you frankly, Mrs. Lincoln, that a disturbing thought entered my mind."

"What was it, Mr. Swett?"

"Very simply put, it was this, Mrs. Lincoln. In this hour of crisis, was our nation in safe hands? Then suddenly, almost startlingly, I realized that this bit of whimsy was his escape from the strain of war, and that he was doing exactly what was best for him under the circumstances—playfully imitating a bird."

"Mr. Lincoln had many sides to his nature, Mr. Swett."

Swett had been watching for an opening, and now said, "Mrs. Lincoln, I'm wondering what you think about the lectures that William H. Herndon has been giving in Springfield? In them, as you must know, he says that you and Mr. Lincoln were abysmally unhappy."

Mary's quick temper flashed. "He is a willful liar, Mr. Swett. Please do not mention that miserable creature in my presence."

"Those are strong words, Mrs. Lincoln."

"I mean them to be strong. He hates me, and I can say I hate him," she said excitedly.

"But he was your husband's law partner for twelve years."

"He was never in our house to a meal. When office hours were over, my husband had nothing to do with the man."

"Do you think his story that Lincoln was extravagantly in love with Ann Rutledge is true?"

"It's extravagantly untrue, Mr. Swett. I never heard of Ann Rutledge until Herndon delivered his lectures. I was the only woman he ever loved. Why do you ask these questions, Mr. Swett?" she asked with sudden suspicion.

"Because I want to understand you better, Mrs. Lincoln."

"I'm complimented, Mr. Swett," said Mary.

"Let me return to a point we discussed a moment ago. You called General Grant a butcher. Was this opprobrium in any way associated with your son Robert?"

"He did not treat my son right."

"You did not think he gave your son the opportunities in the army that you thought your son deserved? Is that true?"

"It is, Mr. Swett, and it's also true that I don't know why you're questioning me. I owe you nothing." Suddenly she stiffened into a listening attitude. *"Ssssh!* There's someone outside. A man keeps following me. Every time I go out on the street, or come back from a store, he follows me."

"Do you say there is a man outside?"

"The man who follows me."

"We shall see, Mrs. Lincoln." Going to the door, Swett opened it. "No one is here, Mrs. Lincoln. Possibly you imagined it."

"It's not imagination when I find a man is following me. May I ask why you came here, Mr. Swett? I know it's not through devotion to my husband, nor to me. Will you be direct?"

"It's devotion to your son that brings me here. He has asked me to come here and request that you accompany me to the Cook County Court."

"Oh! Is it something to do with the law?"

"Yes."

"Has it to do with my estate? Robert is always asking about my funds. He is quite devoted to money."

"Yes, it has to do with your estate. Will you come with me? I know this is not giving you much time to prepare yourself, but he and others will be waiting."

"And others? Who are the others?"

"Members of the court. I have a carriage and driver downstairs. I'll retire to the hall, if you wish to change your dress."

"It'll not take long. I was once a most meticulous dresser. I'm afraid it's not true now. There are so many things in the world more important than clothes. One has to grow old to know values." Swett started to step into the hall, but

before he could do so, she said, "Will you come here, Mr. Swett?" He went to the window where she was standing. "Do you see that black, angry smoke?"

"It's from a store chimney."

"I'm afraid of it."

"It won't hurt you."

"It's such black, swirling smoke."

There was a knock at the door. When she opened it, there was the boy to whom she had given the watch.

"Excuse me for interrupting," said the boy, "but I thought I ought to see you. I just found out about the watch you went and gave me. I took it to the store. The man opened it and examined it with his little eyepiece. He said it was a very expensive watch. Here it is," he said, holding it out. "I guess you made a mistake. Maybe you meant to give me a cheaper one."

"I meant to give you the one you have," said Mary. "You keep it. It was a pleasure to give it to you."

The boy thanked her profusely, and left.

Swett had taken all this in. And now, when the boy was gone, he said, "I'm curious to know what happened, Mrs. Lincoln. Did you know the boy well?"

"I only saw him once," said Mary.

"And you gave him the watch?"

"Yes."

"If I don't seem presumptuous, Mrs. Lincoln, I'd like to ask why."

"Because he looked like Tad."

"I'll step out and you can make the changes you wish," said Swett. "Robert asked us to be there by two."

"He's always on time. His father was, too. That is, if it had to do with business; he never forgot, then. But if it was

social, sometimes he forgot all about it. And meals! He'd wander in any time for a meal."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Lincoln joined him in the hall, dressed in her rusty best.

"I'm glad to get a ride in the open air," she said.

## *Chapter 4*

IT WAS not a bright, clear day, but to her it was bright and clear. Robert had sent for her. Would it be expecting too much to have little Mary there? Mr. Swett had said that it was at the court building. Robert would be attending court. She chatted eagerly, glad of companionship. Some of her happiest days had been spent in Chicago with Abraham and the children, she said. Once Abraham had taken little Willie with him to Chicago; although Willie had been only nine, he'd written a letter home. "Me and father went to two theaters the other night." How pleasant it was to talk about her children!

Did Mr. Swett know how Tad had got his nickname? He'd been named Thomas for Abraham's father, she said. The little fellow had a large head and a small body. One day Abraham had said, "Why, he looks like a tadpole!" They'd called him Tadpole for a while; then it'd shortened to Tad.

As she talked, Swett kept watching her. Now and then he adroitly probed into her life. Where had she lived in Europe, and how much had she spent? How much had she spent since she had come to Chicago? She answered readily because Robert had sent for her. Then came a question which puzzled

her: "Did you think somebody in Florida tried to poison you?"

That must have come from Robert. But why should Robert tell that to a man who had only a casual interest in her?

"Yes, at the railroad station," she answered.

"How did the person try to do this?"

"He put poison in my coffee."

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I sent the coffee back."

"And you keep the gas burning all night?"

"Yes."

"How much did the watch cost that you gave to the boy?"

"Seventy dollars."

"Have you given away other watches?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

She looked at him suspiciously. "Why do you ask, Mr. Swett?"

"I was interested to discover how generous you were."

It was only a short ride—it seemed to her—and then they were before the grim-looking old building at West Hubbard and North Dearborn streets. They got out and went inside and up a flight of stairs protected on one side by a heavy ornate banister. As they walked up to the second floor, a stale, forbidding odor met their nostrils.

"So this is where Robert practices?"

"The court is open to him. He has a high standing among his fellow attorneys."

Mary nodded; that was to be expected.

She looked at the people who were coming and going. One would disappear through a thick oak door; in a moment another would come from the opposite direction and hasten

down the gloomy hallway; and then this person, too, would disappear.

"Is Robert's office here?"

"He only practices here."

"I've never been in his office," she said. "I seldom went to Abraham's office in Springfield. I don't think men like to have women visiting their offices."

Swett pushed open a heavy door, and when Mary entered, she saw a huge, depressing room with a high ceiling and dingy windows. At the far end was a platform on which sat an imposing man. Near him, in two rows of seats, were twelve men.

"What is this?" asked Mary, puzzled.

"That is Judge Marion R. M. Wallace, and the men in the seats are jurymen."

"Is there a trial going on?"

"I don't think I made it plain to you, Mrs. Lincoln," said Swett cautiously, "that you are to be examined as to your mental status."

"You said it had to do with my money."

"It has to do with both your money and your mental status."

"There is nothing wrong with my mental status," said the bewildered woman.

"May I say that I hope the trial will establish that, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Is there to be a trial?"

"There is, Mrs. Lincoln. You are to be tried for your sanity."

" 'For my sanity?' " repeated Mary, shocked. "You have tricked me, Mr. Swett!"

"I should have been more explicit. Naturally, this comes as a shock, but many people each year are examined in this

court for their sanity. Quite often their sanity is established; then the person goes free and no longer has to face people who say, 'She's not quite right.' You know the phrase, don't you, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I do," said Mary feelingly.

She looked here and there over the room, growing more and more confused. So many people! All strangers. "Where is my son? You said he'd be here."

"He is here, Mrs. Lincoln. He'll come presently."

"Oh!" she said.

"It'll be a simple matter, this hearing, Mrs. Lincoln," continued Swett. "It'll clear up such matters as your statement that they tried to poison you in Florida."

"I'll be glad to tell them what happened," said Mary.

"That is all you have to do, Mrs. Lincoln. I'll ask you to excuse me, Mrs. Lincoln. I want to see Judge David Davis."

"I know him," said Mary, pleased to have the assuring news that he was there. "He settled up my husband's estate."

"I know he did, Mrs. Lincoln. He wishes you well, indeed."

"He has always been a friend of our family."

He walked away, a large, commanding, self-confident man —the kind of man of whom it is said, "He makes a good appearance." In a moment he was in the counsel room, where bulky Judge David Davis was waiting.

"How did she take it?" asked Judge Davis, almost before Swett was seated.

"I was as easy with her as I could be."

Davis nodded. "That's good. She's a fiery female. But she's over her shellburst quickly, which was just opposite from Abe. He was slow to fire."

The two discussed the case. "She may give you trouble, Leonard," said Judge Davis. "You know how a jury is apt to side with a lone woman, especially if she is lachrymose."

"This jury won't."

"Oh!" said Judge Davis. He was silent, his brow drawn in thought. "Damn it, Swett, I have twinges of conscience."

"You shouldn't, Judge," declared Swett. "We're doing it for her and, of course, Bob. She'll be much better off under state supervision."

"Remember, you never know which way a jury will jump."

"I realize that, Judge. But, defensively, I have formulated a rather good way to present my case, and that's to take advantage of her temper and her prejudices. No woman has as many crotchets as Mary Lincoln."

"Be careful. She has a razor tongue. Intimate, Leonard, don't assert. Instead of saying she is not quite all there mentally, insinuate. Fire the imagination of the jurors. Let them think they've discovered the situation for themselves. It took me years to discover what I'm telling you."

He paused, seemingly coming up against something that subconsciously was troubling him. "I know what we're saying sounds cold and calculating, but we also know we are doing it for her good. If I did not think that it was best to have her removed to an institution, I would not have counseled her son to that effect. I had a high regard for Mary Lincoln before she became mentally disarranged."

"So had I," said Swett. "I feel a deep pity for her."

"We're doing it for her good, we both know that," said Judge Davis, as if arguing with himself.

Swett returned to Mrs. Lincoln.

"Who has made these charges against me, Mr. Swett?" she asked.

Swett hesitated. "Your son," he said finally.

She looked at him in disbelief. "Do you mean that Robert has put through papers that I should be examined to see if I'm sane?"

"It's that way, Mrs. Lincoln."

She sat stunned, looking at her hands. "My son! It cannot be."

"It's all for the best, Mrs. Lincoln."

"That is foolish talk, Mr. Swett, and you know it." Her voice rose till it was high and sharp. "Why didn't you tell me at the hotel?"

"I thought it would be best to wait till we got here. Also, Mrs. Lincoln, I hated to tell you."

"It must have been hard on you, Mr. Swett."

He was surprised at how difficult it was to tell her what he must now speak of:

"Mrs. Lincoln, I have to tell you something that may not please you. The court has appointed me the examining attorney."

"I'm not sure I know what that means."

"It means I'm the prosecuting attorney."

There was a silence.

"I'm not surprised, Mr. Swett. Abraham once told me that you ran with the hounds or the hare, whichever side you thought would win."

He protested, stung by her biting words. He was doing it for her son, he asserted, and for her, too. As he fumbled along, smoothing the matter over as best he could, she sat looking at him with eyes that, at times, were piercing.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I wanted to spare you as much as I could."

"Your consideration touches me deeply."

Swett, seeing how well she could defend herself, realized he was going to have troubles he hadn't counted on. With her quick thinking she might win the jury over. "You'll have to excuse me, Mrs. Lincoln. I have to go. I have many things to think of."

"I'm sure you have, Mr. Swett."

As she was left alone in the room, it began to dawn on her that she had been tricked, and her fighting spirit rose. Swett was cunning and crafty and ruthless, but the jury would not be deceived; they would support the widow of their great President, she told herself.

Judge Davis came ponderously up and took Mary's hand in his great meaty one. "How are you, Mary? I'm glad we meet again, although I deplore the circumstances." He sank down in a chair with a little half-grunt. The chair squeaked.

"Oh, Judge Davis," cried Mary, delighted to see the man who had once meant so much to Abraham, "can't you do something for me?"

"I wish I could, but I'm here only as a visitor. You may be assured of this, Mary, and you'll be given a fair trial."

"The jury is in the box. I'm sure that's not the usual way."

"It's not, Mary. I believe Judge Wallace had in mind that a prior selection of the jury would expedite matters and save you from an extended ordeal."

Mary nodded. She understood, she thought.

"Once," continued the pleasant Judge Davis, "I kept your husband from sleeping in a comfortable bed!" He smiled to show that the situation had had humor in it. "Do you know the story?"

"Yes, I know it," said Mary.

There was an embarrassing silence. Davis broke it by saying, "I esteemed your husband highly."

"So many tell me that now. I'm sorry my husband didn't know it when he lived."

Judge Davis shifted uneasily, then, to fill in, said, "Robert came to see me, and we discussed your case. We both felt it would be best to have the situation cleared up legally."

"Robert didn't tell me he'd been to see you."

"I suppose he did not wish to dwell on a possible legal action. He will do anything to spare you pain."

"Where is he now?"

"He is, I believe, in the attorneys' withdrawing room. He'll be along, Mary."

"Could he stop the trial if he wanted to?"

"That would be impossible. A hearing, once docketed, must proceed. I think you will be pleased to know that the court has appointed Isaac N. Arnold defense lawyer."

"You mean he'll be my lawyer?"

"That is it."

"Abraham knew him well."

"The court took that into consideration. I'll run along, Mary." He went swaying down the aisle, pleasantly nodding to the other attorneys and court officials.

Word had got around that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was in the courtroom, and people began to push their way in.

Swett went into the withdrawing room to see Robert. Robert had become more and more nervous and more self-punishing. Was he doing right?

"Poor mother," he said, choked with feeling.

"I feel sorry for her, Robert, but after my hotel interview with her, I feel more than ever that she should be sent to an institution. There is no other course open."

"I keep telling myself that."

"Your decision to ask a sanity hearing is the only one tenable. It's the only way you can keep her from dissipating her funds. And then, I'm sure, the court will appoint you conservator. Do you know how much she has in the way of funds?"

"No."

"I think you'd better go to her, Robert. She is greatly disturbed."

"I've been putting it off, Leonard. You don't know how heartbreaking this is."

"All you have to do is to remember you're doing the right thing."

Robert still hesitated. "Could the action be *non-prosed?*"

"Not readily. Why do you think of that? The situation hasn't changed since you asked me to file."

"There, in the courtroom, the situation becomes so terribly real."

"You must go ahead. I'm sure your father would want you to."

"No, he wouldn't," protested Robert. "He was devoted to her, and would go to any length to protect her."

"You're going to protect her. You know she can't live unsupervised. Go to her. She wants you."

"In spite of what I've done?"

"She's still your mother. You told me that your mother has always worried about money and possessions, that she wants to accumulate money and then spends it foolishly. Now people who live in a mental institution exist in a carefree world, with no money problems."

"Do you really think that, Leonard?" Robert asked earnestly.

"I assuredly do."

"I think this is the hardest thing I ever had to do."

Robert walked slowly, forcing himself to go.

Once Mary Lincoln's face had been round and unwrinkled, but now it had lines of suffering. In her hand she held an ivory fan; at her throat was what she called her "mourning brooch."

"Mother!"

Her eyes searched him as if she could hardly believe he was her son. "Why have you done this to me, Robert?"

"I'm sorry, Mother, but it has to be," he said as gently as he could.

"Why does it have to be?" she asked.

"Because of the mental state you're in."

"I'm in no mental state."

"I've talked to three of your most trusted friends, and all have said you'd be much better off in a place where somebody could take care of you."

" 'In a place where somebody could take care of me.' That's the nicest definition of an insane asylum I ever heard. Who were the kind gentlemen?"

"Judge Davis, John Todd Stuart and Dr. Isham."

"What did these trusted friends say?"

"They agreed it would be best for you to be confined," he forced himself to say.

"It's nice to have kind friends."

He wanted to put his arms around her and draw her up and try to comfort her, but he could not bring himself to do so. "You know, Mother, you've been spending your money recklessly," he said.

"I've been spending it the way it gives me pleasure. Is that wrong?"

"No," said Robert, "but soon it may be all gone."

"You may like to know, Robert, that I've increased my funds."

Robert moved uneasily.

"And then you got Leonard Swett to be the prosecuting lawyer!" continued his mother. "During the war he was a hay contractor, selling hay to both sides. General Grant threatened to have him shot. That's the man you've chosen to prosecute me!"

Robert tried to explain it. Swett was a reputable attorney whose name would lend dignity to the trial. But his mother was only half-hearing.

"I keep thinking of you as a little boy," she said, peering into his face. "We boarded at the Globe Tavern, in Springfield. You were such a darling, with your brown hair, blue eyes and patches on your trousers! Isn't it strange I should remember the patches! I wonder why I keep thinking of you as a little boy instead of as a man?"

His mother, still peering intently at him, continued in a kind of reverie, as if she had dreamed of this moment a thousand times and wished to tell the thoughts she'd had all these years. "You used to hide behind doors and shout 'Boo!' at the other boarders. Everybody loved you. 'Bobbie,' they called you."

"I remember some of that," said Robert.

"Do you remember what your father called you?"

"I'm not sure I do."

" 'Our dear little codger.' We moved into the house on Eighth Street—eight rooms. I baked and washed and scrubbed and took care of four children and their father. There was no question of my mental state, then."

"But there is now. I say that with all the tenderness in the world. This is the unhappiest moment of my life."

"The unhappiest moment of my life was when your father was shot at the theater. Other unhappy moments were when your three brothers died. Now comes a moment that does not deal with death."

People had filled the seats. They stared openly at Mrs. Lincoln and whispered to each other. She didn't look like the former wife of a President of the United States. Her clothes were out-of-date, and she had no air of importance.

After Robert left, she sat alone, gazing vaguely at the crowd. She turned to look at the jury, scrutinizing one member after another. Did they have kind faces? Would they have mercy in their souls?

She saw that Isaac N. Arnold was coming toward her.

## *Chapter 5*

ARNOLD was a small man, but he was a fighter. He was sixty years old, with gray hair and a prominent nose and a quick, incisive way of speaking. He was called "The Gadfly." He had been born in Otsego County, New York. The spirit of the times was to go West, and this, as a young man, he had done, putting down his stakes in Chicago. Getting started wasn't easy, and so he got a job as a country schoolteacher. It wasn't long before he was in politics, which was where his heart was. After a time he was elected to Congress. He became an admirer of Lincoln's; in fact, he became such an ardent admirer that he wrote a book entitled *The History of Abraham Lincoln and the Overthrow of Slavery.*

Mary Lincoln welcomed him warmly. Here at last was a friendly face. Not only that, but here was somebody her husband had esteemed highly, and someone she knew. Not only did she know him, but he had been in the Lincoln home in Springfield, and had called on them in the White House.

"How are you, Mrs. Lincoln?" he said, as he took her hand and looked into her troubled face.

"I'm better, now that you are here. Judge Davis told me that you had been appointed my lawyer."

"I have, Mrs. Lincoln, and I hope I can be of real service."

"I'm so glad, Isaac." Southern women did not call men by their first names, but Mary did Arnold. "Abraham," she continued, "once told me you were the best defense lawyer in Illinois."

He was pleased, for it was no small compliment, coming, as it did, from one supreme in this field.

And now that the first words of greeting had reunited old ties, Arnold wanted to find out what, so far as she was concerned, had happened. He led her to one side, out of hearing, where she told him how she had had the dream and had telegraphed Dr. Isham and Robert, and how someone had poisoned her coffee.

When she'd got to Chicago, Robert had not—thank God!—been ill. She told how she had been living in the hotel, and how men had been following her, and how there'd been a knock at her door, and when she'd opened it, there'd been Swett.

Arnold listened, shocked. "I think we will be able to controvert such a monstrous indictment. What made Robert do this?"

"I don't know, Isaac. I've never understood Robert. My other sons were gay and laughing and could get along with people, but Robert couldn't. As a boy he had a cast in his eye. The neighbor boys called him 'Cockeyed Bob.' This made him sensitive and shy, and he wouldn't mix. He stayed by himself and played by himself."

"Why did that make him want to bring you before this court?"

"I keep asking myself that. I'm always asking myself questions about Robert. He loves me, in his way. Also he loves money. He did even as a boy. He was the one who could get hold of money. He thinks I'm squandering mine. He wants

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

to get control of it. He won't say this, but I know that's what he wants."

As she thought of these things that were so important in her life, she became emotional, as was her nature. "I am a poor widow, alone in the world, doing the best I can. Sometimes I feel God has deserted me; then I suddenly realize that He is only testing me. I hope I can stand up under His test."

"I think you can," said Arnold, "and I think you will be a good witness. We're unfortunate in having as our judge, Judge Wallace. As you know, he is a Democrat and so is an enemy of your husband."

At first the petty officials had stood around, casually talking, but now they hurried about their duties, walking quickly through the room, to return a few minutes later, carrying a paper or a legal-looking document. There was a stir and a sense of excitement which communicated itself to the room. The bailiff took his place beside his desk and bawled out, "Attention! All stand!"

The people who had been lounging in the seats got to their feet; all eyes turned in the direction of a door at one side of the fore part of the room. It was pushed open by a functionary of the court, who stepped aside and held the door. Judge Marion R. M. Wallace entered wearing his judicial robe and iron-rimmed spectacles. When he was seated behind his desk, the bailiff shouted: "County Court of Cook County is now in session. The case of Robert Todd Lincoln *versus* Mary Todd Lincoln. Application to try the question of the sanity of Mary Todd Lincoln, defendant." And then he dropped down in his seat, little interested in what was to follow.

Soon Arnold was on his feet, addressing the critical Judge Wallace. He asked for a postponement for a month, on the

ground that he had not had time to prepare. "Until less than two hours ago, my client did not know she was to appear in court. She was brought abruptly from her domicile and thrust into the present surroundings."

"Motion denied," said the judge in a monotone that showed how little importance he attached to the proceedings. "Just another sanity hearing," his manner seemed to say. Almost every day such a hearing was held, but mostly it had to do with some destitute creature taken off the street, or someone who plainly was out of his mind. "In a hearing of this kind and under the present circumstances," continued the judge, "a postponement is not considered necessary."

Arnold again protested, but the judge cut him off with an order to the bailiff: "Summon the jury."

"I submit," said Arnold, "that my client is being denied her constitutional rights."

"The court sees no breach of the defendant's constitutional rights."

"Then may we respectfully ask for a recess of an hour?"

"The court has answered that in context. There will be no recess."

"We protest," said Arnold, his indignation growing.

"Does the defense attorney wish to continue as counsel, or should the court make another appointment?"

"The defense submits. But the defense also submits that this is a jury empaneled to convict."

The judge looked over his iron-rimmed glasses. "The court has warned that there might well be another appointment for the defense. The court does not mean to give a further warning."

Mary studied the faces of the jurymen. Would they be understanding? Would they have mercy for the widow of

their former President, for whom they must have admiration? But, on the other hand, many hated him bitterly.

"The defense," said Arnold in the biting, sarcastic voice he could so well use, "asks whether it would be within the rulings of the court for the defendant to know, at least, the names and occupations of the jury?"

"Granted," said the judge, as if agreeing to this against his better judgment.

Adjusting his glasses and leaning forward in order to be more forceful, he explained that at a sanity hearing the law required there must be at least one certificated physician on the jury. That person—he referred to a note—was present, and he would ask him to identify himself.

A man in a long-tailed coat arose and gave a little tug at his vest. "I am S. C. Blake. I was city physician for Chicago from 1865 to and including 1867. I am presently in private practice."

"I shall ask the juror sitting next to him to rise and identify himself as Dr. Blake has done," said Judge Wallace. "After that, the juror next to him will do the same. First, let the foreman identify himself."

A small man arose and spoke with a voice that seemed loud for one of his size. Judged by his manner, he was extremely sure of himself and of his importance. "My name is Lyman J. Gage, and I am cashier of the First National Bank."

The man next to him rose. "My name is J. McGregor Adams. I am a member of the firm of Crearer & Adams. We are dealers in foundry castings and foundry supplies."

The juryman next to him stood up. "My name is James A. Mason, and I am in the foundry business."

The man next to him: "I am S. B. Parkhurst. I am also in the foundry business, dealing in light and heavy castings, also forgings. We have been in business since 1868."

Over all hung an atmosphere of haste.

Mary studied the men as they popped up and sat down. She had, she felt, met the man who had said he was a cashier at the First National Bank. She'd been in there several times. He would at least be friendly, she thought.

The next man got up and identified himself briefly as Charles B. Farwell, in the wholesale dry goods business on State Street.

The next: Charles M. Henderson—real-estate business and investments.

After him came Thomas Cogswell, who said, "I am engaged in the jewelry business at 105 and 107 State Street, this city. My name is inscribed in gold letters on the window at that address." Having delivered himself of this, he sat down with an air that said, "You see who I am."

The next juryman rose. "I am William Stewart, and I am president of Stewart & Aldrich, State Street. We deal in ladies' apparel and supplementaries."

The next juryman stood only halfway up and dashed through his identification. "Henry C. Durand. Groceries and comestibles, wholesale and retail," he said, and dropped down almost before he had risen.

The next man said, "I am Silas M. Moore, of S. M. Moore and E. A. Cummings, 119 and 121 LaSalle Street. Real estate and loans."

"I am D. R. Cameron," said the next man. "By profession I am a bookkeeper, unemployed at present."

Mary's eyes again went over the inscrutable faces. Was it possible these men held her fate in their hands? Turning, she looked at the mighty little Arnold. He would save her.

"Is the jury acceptable to the defense?" asked the judge.

"Acceptable," said Arnold, for that seemed to be the best attitude to take.

"Proceed," said the judge. There was a shuffling of papers; attorneys whispered together; there was a stirring among the people in the audience.

"Do you know any of the jurors?" Arnold asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"I think I've met the foreman."

"Oh!"

Again Arnold got to his feet. "The defense feels that the jury has been empaneled not to try the case, but to convict."

"One more comment like that, Mr. Arnold, and you will be summarily dropped as defense counsel. Mr. Swett, you may call your first witness."

Swett spoke to the bailiff, who moved quickly to a door, threw it open and bawled out, "Dr. Ralph N. Isham."

The bustling, little man entered, carrying a medical bag. When he saw the clerk approaching with the Bible, he set the bag on the floor.

"Raise your right hand and swear you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"I do so swear."

"Take the stand."

Picking up the bag, Dr. Isham put it carefully on the edge of the witness stand, sat down, kicked out his legs and pulled up his trousers at the knees.

"What is your name?"

"Ralph N. Isham, medical doctor, with an office at 47 South Clark Street. Residence, 321 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois."

"Are you acquainted with the defendant, Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, relict of Abraham Lincoln?"

"I am."

"State your professional relationship to the defendant."

"I act as her medical adviser."

"Did you, within the compass of this case, receive a telegram from the defendant, Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln?"

"I did."

"Doctor, can you state what was contained in the telegram?"

"I brought it along," he said, taking it from his pocket.

"From where, Doctor, was it dispatched?"

"Jacksonville, Florida."

"And the date?"

"March twelfth."

"And the year?"

"This year."

"In other words," said Swett, "you received this telegram about two months ago. Is that correct?"

Dr. Isham silently counted on his fingers. "It was two months and seven days ago."

"Will you read it aloud?"

Dr. Isham was delighted to be the center of attention and made the most of it. "I got it at eleven fifteen A.M. at my office, already mentioned. Prepaid. 'My belief is my son is sick. Telegraph. I start for Chicago tomorrow. Mary Todd Lincoln.' End of telegram."

"Will you tell the court what happened subsequently?"

"I went speedily to see her son—"

"Is he in the courtroom?"

"He is sitting there," said Dr. Isham, nodding his head in Robert Lincoln's direction.

"Continue."

"I took a carriage to arrive all the more expeditiously. I found him in abundant health. In fact, he told me he hadn't been ill in ten years. In the interim he had received telegraphic communications from her—two in all—stating that she would arrive in Chicago, and would we meet her? Mr.

Lincoln and I, now thoroughly alarmed, went to the depot, where we soon discovered his mother, who looked harried."

"Did you count this normal human conduct?" asked Swett.

"Distinctly not."

"Speaking as a medical man, what is your considered opinion as to Mrs. Lincoln's mental state?"

"In my opinion, she is mentally disturbed."

Mary, at this alarming statement, fanned herself and glared at the doctor.

"You have just testified that, in your opinion, Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln is mentally disturbed," repeated Swett for the benefit of the jury. "In your belief, is this of a serious nature?"

"Yes."

"How serious, Doctor?"

"She should have institutional supervision."

Mary had remained calm and had not spoken, but this was too much. "Oh, what terrible words for the widow of Abraham Lincoln to hear!"

"Mrs. Lincoln, the court asks you not to speak, or comment. You are not on the witness stand. You may be later, but such is not as yet the case. Continue, Mr. Swett."

"You say, Doctor, that Mrs. Lincoln should have institutional supervision. Would you amend that to home care?"

"Such cases are never satisfactorily handled that way."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Swett with elaborate politeness. "You have been most helpful. You may have the witness, Mr. Arnold."

Arnold rose quickly, for he was a man who moved quickly. "You testified, I believe, that you are a medical practitioner?"

"I was on the faculty of the Chicago Medical College, usually regarded as the best in the Midwest," he replied with an air of triumph.

"Are you a practicing doctor at the present time?"

"Yes. I am a general practitioner, or, as it is sometimes called, a 'family doctor.' "

"Then you are not a physician specializing in psychology and mental maladjustments?"

"I am not."

"In that case, is your opinion of someone's sanity, or possible insanity, any more valuable than that of the average intelligent man?"

The little man shifted uneasily. "I have a better opportunity to judge people in times of stress."

"Are you judging Mrs. Lincoln as mentally disturbed because she believed her son was ill, whereupon she rushed to this city to see for herself?"

"Her manner was wild and excited."

"When she saw her son, did she calm down?"

"Yes."

Arnold moved near the witness, and when he spoke, his voice rose. "Have you waited on Mrs. Lincoln other than the time you went to the railroad station to meet her?"

"That is the only time."

"Yet you understand her psychology?"

"It was manifestly apparent," said the little doctor sharply.

"Did you, Dr. Isham, submit Mrs. Lincoln a bill?"

"No."

"Did you submit Robert Todd Lincoln a bill?"

"No, sir. I went as a matter of friendship."

Arnold drew upon his professional knowledge. "I believe that Robert Todd Lincoln, the petitioner, is a partner in the law firm of Isham & Lincoln. Is this Isham related to you?"

"He is my uncle."

"In your opinion, if Mrs. Lincoln, with her so-called eccentric ways, were allowed to go free, it would hurt business in the firm of Isham & Lincoln?"

"I have no knowledge of that," said Dr. Isham triumphantly. "I am a medical man, not an authority on what makes a law office succeed."

"The witness is excused," said Arnold. "You may step down. Oh! Wait a moment, Doctor. In the 'madhouses' of America, is any study being made of what causes insanity, or how it can be ameliorated?"

"I know of none, sir."

"The witness may step down."

The doctor meticulously picked up his bag, and shot a look at Mary Lincoln. As he passed near her, Mary, who was now becoming the fighter, said, "I'm no more mentally disturbed than you are, you old fraud."

Instantly Judge Wallace was pounding for order. She was not to comment on any of the witnesses, nor on anything that happened in the courtroom. If she did, she would be forcibly removed from the room and would be subject to a fine.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry," murmured Mary, already ashamed of this display of Todd temper.

Privately Arnold was delighted that she had spoken so spiritedly and with such courage, even if misplaced, but he had to observe courtroom behavior and warned her with outward gravity that she must not do this again.

Mary listened, only half-understanding what was happening.

Swett again gave a name to the bailiff, who went to the witness-room door and bawled, "Samuel M. Turner. Samuel M. Turner."

A tall, brisk man with a beard came in with a swinging step and approached the clerk. It was evident that Turner had been in court many times and knew what was expected of him. As he entered, he shot a glance at the jury and, noticeably, toward Lyman J. Gage.

The clerk again held out the Bible and, in his singsong voice, swore in the witness.

"What is your name, and will you please state your business?" said Swett.

"My name is Samuel M. Turner, and I'm manager of the Grand Pacific Hotel."

"Is Mrs. Lincoln domiciled in your hotel?"

"She is."

"Tell us of any contacts you may have had with her."

"She came to our hotel March fifteenth, this year. Immediately she became a disturbing influence."

"Will you," asked Swett, "tell us what exactly you mean?"

"I will," said Turner with what appeared to be satisfaction. "One day she suddenly appeared in my office with a shawl wrapped around her head, like a gypsy. She was wild-eyed and kept fluttering her hands, like this, and muttering incoherent words. 'Come into the reception room,' she said. 'Mrs. Lincoln,' I said, 'why do you want me to come into the reception room?' She said, 'I have something to tell you.' 'Can't you tell it here in my office?' I asked. 'You must come to the reception room,' was her answer. 'I have a communication to make.' I followed her to the reception room, where several guests were quietly playing whist. In a loud voice she said, 'Something is wrong upstairs.' Immediately the guests began to listen, eagerly drinking in every word. In a low voice I said, 'What is wrong, madam?' 'Everything!' she asserted in a high voice. 'A man is in my hallway, and he wants to molest me.' The whist players stared openly, making no pretense now of being absorbed in their game. I followed her upstairs and instituted a search of the hallway and other passages."

"What did you find, Mr. Turner?"

"Nothing."

"Continue, Mr. Turner," said Swett.

"Then she said, 'He's in my room.' By now she was wild-eyed and was speaking loudly. I opened the door—no one was there. 'Madam,' I said, 'you can see for yourself.' After a good deal of conversation, I got her to sit down in her room, and I repaired to my office. Fifteen minutes later, I looked up, and there she was again with the shawl over her head, exactly as in the first instance. 'There's a man in the hallway who means to harm me,' she said, her hands gesticulating and her eyes fixed and staring."

"What did you do, Mr. Turner?"

"I accompanied her to the hallway."

"With what result?"

"No one was there. I returned to my office, but had hardly seated myself before a messenger entered and said that Mrs. Lincoln wanted to see me. I went as before. 'He's here!' she said in the same high, excited voice. I instituted a search, but found no one. I got her to go to the room of one of our female help; then I returned to my office."

"Did she make any more calls on you?"

"No, sir."

"From your observation, what did you conclude as to Mrs. Lincoln's mental state?"

"I concluded it was shaky."

"That is all, Mr. Turner. You may take the witness, Mr. Arnold," Swett said triumphantly.

Arnold took his place before the jury, uncertain, for the moment, what to say. But it would come! And it did. "What, in general, Mr. Turner, would you say about Mrs. Lincoln's relationship to money, as you witnessed it in your hotel?"

"She liked to get it, but gave it away without a blink."

"To whom did she give it?"

"She gave it away, in the form of presents, to the hotel help, in fact, to almost anyone she came in contact with."

"Did it seem to afford her pleasure to give these presents?"

"I think it did. I would say that was a fair statement."

"Mr. Turner, did you consider Mrs. Mary Lincoln an unsatisfactory lodger in your hotel?"

"She caused more trouble than any of the others."

"Would you have been glad if she had departed?"

"Yes."

"Did she pay her bills promptly?"

"We never had any complaints along that line."

"You had complaints only when she thought she was being followed by unidentified men?"

"That would be a fair statement."

Arnold came closer to the witness and dropped his voice, as he did when he was about to ask a pivotal question. "Mr. Gage, as you know, is foreman of this jury. Does he own an interest in your hotel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you work for him?"

"That would be a fair statement."

"Then you would like to please him?"

"Yes, naturally."

"Would he be pleased if Mrs. Lincoln moved elsewhere?"

The belligerent Swett was on his feet almost instantly. The witness could not testify as to what someone else thought. And this the judge sustained.

"Did he ever tell you he would prefer to have Mary Lincoln move to some other hotel?"

"No. But he often asked about her and what was her latest."

"What, Mr. Turner, did he mean by 'her latest'?"

"Her latest dido—the strange ways she carried on."

"In other words, minor infractions of the rules of the hotel?"

"That would be putting it fairly."

"Can you think of anything of a pleasant nature about Mrs. Lincoln?"

"She didn't complain about the food."

"Did she ever say her coffee had been poisoned?"

"No, sir," said Turner.

"Does she have many visitors?"

"Her son is the only one, except the delivery men from the stores."

"She leads a lonely life, then, one in which she could quite well imagine things that are not true, as lonely people often do?"

"I would say yes to that."

"Mr. Turner, why, in your opinion, did Mrs. Lincoln wear a shawl over her head, as you testified, like a gypsy?"

"Because she wasn't right up here."

This was too much for Mary, who was becoming more and more agitated, and now she shouted, "I'm just as right up there as you are—maybe more."

Again the judge cautioned Mary not to speak from her chair. She could say what she wished when she was on the witness stand, but Mary was so agitated that she paid little attention to what he said.

Arnold asked for a twenty-minute recess to advise with his client, and this was granted.

During the recess, Mary hoped that Robert would come to her, yet she didn't want to see him. Her thoughts and emotions were curiously mixed. He was her son, but he had done this.

# *Chapter 6*

PEOPLE had been slipping in and out, but as the complications grew and as a net seemed to be forming over Mary, the people remained. They listened intently, wanting to "see what she would do."

Meanwhile, Mary studied the jury. Was there a kind eye? She especially studied Lyman J. Gage, who kept his gaze averted.

Swett had the name of another doctor called, and through the door came a large man attired in a long-tailed coat, a flowered silk waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a white shirt and a black tie, which, just then, was the conventional way for a doctor to dress. Again the clerk raced through the oath, finishing with his bored "Take the stand."

"Doctor," said Swett, "will you give us your name and professional rank?"

"I am Willis Danforth, M.D., formerly Professor of Surgery and Gynecology at the Chicago Homeopathic College. My office is at 978 Wabash Avenue; my residence is at 1224 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois." Then Dr. Danforth leaned back with the air of one who knows he is important.

"Will you state your professional relationship to the defendant?"

"In November, 1873, I visited her professionally, treating

her for fever and nervous derangement of the head. Ten months later, namely, September, 1874, I made another professional visit. Last week I called on her, at her behest, at the Grand Pacific Hotel."

"On this latter visit, what transpired of interest to the jury?"

"It was this way," said the man, thoroughly enjoying his importance. "We were conversing, when suddenly she got up, crept to the door leading into the hall, placed her ear against the door and listened acutely."

"What, Doctor, was your reaction?"

"To say the least, I was puzzled."

"Did she offer an explanation?"

"None whatsoever."

"What happened then, Doctor?"

"She returned to her seat and resumed the conversation as if nothing had happened."

"Did you consider this normal conduct?"

"I've never had a case like it, sir."

"Did anything else of interest take place, Dr. Danforth?"

"Yes, indeed! She'd recently been to Florida, where, she said, a wandering Jew had tried to seize her pocketbook."

"Did she enlarge on the statement?"

"She dropped it."

"During your professional call, did anything else of a pertinent nature transpire?"

Dr. Danforth leaned forward, bursting with a surprise. "Suddenly, in our conversation, she bent over a small table about this high and began to talk to it!"

"What did she say?"

"Mumbo-jumbo—in short, gibberish."

"Did she, later, make any cogent remark?"

"She did, indeed! She said someone was pulling steel wires

out of her head. Also, she said that an Indian was taking bones out of her face." He glanced over the audience to see how the people were taking his revelations.

Mary leaped to her feet and shouted indignantly, "I did not say that. He is twisting my meaning."

Instantly Judge Wallace was pounding with his gavel, and again he warned her, to which Mary answered, "I don't want any falsehoods told about me."

Order was restored, and when this was brought about, Swett asked Dr. Danforth whether there was anything further.

"There is. She said someone in Jacksonville, Florida, had tried to poison her." Encouraged by Swett, he told the story that the jury had already heard, for Swett wanted to drive home this damaging evidence.

"What else, if anything, did she discuss?" asked Swett.

"Her son Robert. She said she had lost him."

"What, in your opinion, did she mean?" asked Swett.

"That the two were no longer harmonious."

"Did you arrive, Doctor, at a private conclusion as to her mental state?"

"I arrived at the conclusion that she was mentally befogged."

"In your opinion, should she be allowed to come and go as she wishes?"

"In my opinion, such freedom would be detrimental to the best interests of the public."

"That is all, Doctor."

As Dr. Danforth started to get down, Arnold said, "Just a moment, Doctor."

The doctor again settled himself in the seat and looked confidently at Arnold.

"You have offered as your opinion that the defendant should not have her freedom. Is this a medical opinion?"

"It's a personal opinion."

"Would it in any way be classed as an expert opinion?" asked Arnold.

"I just said what I thought, as a man interested in deranged minds," said Danforth, a little less confidently.

"Do you consider Mrs. Lincoln's mind deranged?"

"I do."

"Can a person have a fixation on one subject, and be quite sane on other subjects?" Arnold asked.

"I encounter this all the time."

"Now I shall ask you—is Mrs. Lincoln sane on other subjects?"

"I'm not prepared to say," replied Danforth.

"Why are you not prepared to say? You have given your ideas freely on Mary Lincoln's mentality."

Swett was on his feet. The defense was trying to intimidate his witness, he said. And this the judge allowed. Mr. Arnold would have to reframe his question, or pursue another line of thought.

"Are you, Dr. Danforth, a psychologist?"

"I'm interested in the workings of the human mind."

"Do you understand the human mind?" Arnold asked.

"I think," said Danforth, "that I can say with some degree of modesty that I do."

"I congratulate you. In your professional call on Mrs. Lincoln, did you take written notes on what she said?"

"That would be foolish."

"That remains to be seen. You have testified, I believe, that Mrs. Lincoln said that someone was pulling steel wires out of her head?"

"I did."

"Is it not possible she said that the pain was *like* somebody pulling steel wires out of her head?"

"That's what I said," called out Mary, and again the judge warned her.

"If I had recalled her exact words," said Danforth, answering Arnold's question, "I would have used them."

"Then the words just quoted were yours?"

"If you want to quibble," said Danforth sarcastically.

"Now in reference to the Indian—may it not have been true that she said it felt *as if* an Indian were taking bones out of her head?"

"I got no such statement."

"When Mrs. Lincoln spoke of poisoned coffee, did you know that attempts had been made in the White House to take the life of President Lincoln by poisoning his food?"

"I did not know that."

"Did you," pursued Arnold, "know that two members of the household staff had taken coffee and had been poisoned?"

"I was not aware of that."

"If you had known these facts, would it have made any difference in your evaluation of her statement?"

"I try to look at all sides of a case," said Danforth with exaggerated dignity, "and try to arrive at an unprejudiced opinion."

"In this case, do you think you have arrived at an unprejudiced opinion?"

"I most certainly do, Mr. Arnold," said Danforth triumphantly.

"You are a man of firm opinion, are you not?"

"When I'm in the right, I am."

"That will be all, Doctor. You may step down."

Swett gave another order to the bailiff, who again went to the door of the witness room, opened it and bawled out a name. A little man, wearing a flat-topped straw hat, entered

and walked uncertainly toward the clerk, who said under his breath, "Take off your hat." The little man took it off and held it in one hand while he put his other hand on the Bible and was sworn in. Then he approached the witness stand, and, as he did so, he again became conscious of his hat, and tried to think what to do with it. He started to put it under the witness chair, changed his mind and ended by holding it in his lap.

"Will you," said Lawyer Swett, "give us your name and business affiliations?"

"Stone—J. B. Salesman. Presently employed by Allen & Mackey Department Store, this city."

"Can you make a statement as to your contact with the defendant?"

"Yes, sir, I can," said the little man, eager to please. "She came to our store and said she wanted to look at our line of curtains, all imports and considered choice. I displayed them to her, pointing out, as I did so, their pleasing design and excellent workmanship. I was able to sell her three hundred dollars' worth of lace curtains."

"Were they subsequently delivered to her domicile?"

"They were scheduled to be delivered that morning."

"Did you notice anything unusual about her conduct?"

"I certainly did. To speak plainly, she acted queer."

"In what manner, Mr. Stone?"

"She kept glancing behind her with an alarmed look on her face. Once she stepped behind a display of curtains, and peeped out from behind them like a skulking Indian. *'Shoosh!'* she said, putting her finger to her lips. 'Is he gone?' she asked. 'Is who gone?' I asked. 'The man who is following me,' she replied. 'Madam,' I said, 'no man is following you.' 'You don't know what you're talking about,' she spit back. It was very disconcerting."

"What did you do?"

"In order to solace her, I walked here and there, pretending to look behind counters and under tables to show that no unidentified man was there."

"Did you," asked Swett, "convince her?"

"No, sir, I did not. In fact, she said, 'You looked silly peeping behind those things.' "

"From your observation, Mr. Stone, what would you deduce as to her mental condition?"

"Shaky, sir. Downright shaky."

"That is all, Mr. Stone. Your witness, Mr. Arnold."

Arnold whispered a moment with Mary Lincoln, nodding his head as she gave him information.

"You testified, Mr. Stone, that Mrs. Lincoln acted queer. Can you be explicit by telling us just how she acted queer?"

"She kept waving her hands in a strange way—like this—and making twitching faces—like this—an' puckering up her lips—like this."

"Excellently portrayed, Mr. Stone!" declared Arnold. "Now let's go back to the sale of the lace curtains. Had you previously known that Mrs. Lincoln did not have a house and that she was living in a hotel room?"

"I was cognizant of that."

"You testified, I believe, that you considered her mental state 'shaky.' If so, why did you sell her expensive furnishings?"

"Our store expects us to sell all we can. We are rated by our sales."

"Did other salesmen take advantage of her?"

Swett got quickly to his feet. "I submit to the court the witness cannot testify as to what others did."

"Sustained," said the judge in his same uninterested manner.

Arnold, after a whispered conversation with Mary Lincoln, said that he had no further questions, and the man was excused. He had taken but a step or two, when he remembered his hat. Returning, he picked it up, inspected it and rubbed off some imaginary dust. Then he was gone.

In a kind of fatal fascination, Mary Lincoln watched the witnesses come and go, and listened in shocked unbelief to their testimony. Some of the witnesses she remembered only vaguely, but there they were, blithely telling the jury what they had seen, or what they believed. One was Dr. Nathan S. Davis, who identified himself by saying that formerly he had been with the Chicago Medical College, but now was engaged in private practice. Under Swett's guidance he testified that he'd been called to attend Mrs. Lincoln for epilepsy, but when he had examined her, he had found that she was free from it. On this occasion, he continued, he had observed her. This he'd done, he said, and had come to the conclusion that she was not a normal person.

When Arnold took up the cross-examination, it developed that things were not quite as one-sided as the doctor had led the jury to believe. He had not seen Mary Lincoln in four years and then, further examination revealed, had remained only a short time. Was he a psychologist? Arnold asked. He was not, the doctor explained a bit less pretentiously, but he'd studied human nature "in its many ramifications." Mary Lincoln was, in his opinion, an "eccentric woman, hard to manage."

"Did you, on your first and only visit to Mrs. Lincoln, observe anything strange or unusual about the defendant?" asked Arnold.

"Yes. She kept talking about her three dead sons. I wanted to leave," said the doctor, "but she kept on talking about her three dead sons."

"Do you consider it unnatural that this lonely woman should want to talk about her dead sons?"

"It was, to the extent she carried it."

"What did you do in this trying situation?"

"I listened," replied the doctor.

"Did you offer sympathy?"

"I always do that," said Dr. Davis smugly.

"Why?"

Dr. Davis seemed puzzled by the question. "To make them feel better!" he said, as if not understanding Arnold's lack of perception.

"I see. Did she speak of any other pertinent subject?"

"She got to talking about General U. S. Grant. She gave him hi-de-ho."

"In what respect did she give General Grant 'hi-de-ho'?"

"She said he was a butcher. For some reason or other, she hated General Grant."

"Did you explore her reasons for this attitude?" asked the little gadfly.

"I did not."

"Did you, in your conversation, form the opinion that she was approaching a nebulous mental state that might be defined as insanity?"

"I did not."

"Then," continued Arnold, "if a state of insanity has come on, it would be after your examination of her, a minimum of four years ago?"

"That would seem logical."

"Can you be more specific?"

"Yes," said Davis, "it would have had to come on after I examined her."

"Then you do not give, as a professional opinion, that Mary Todd Lincoln is mentally deranged?"

"I do not."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Arnold. "You may step down."

Mary felt more and more confidence in Isaac Arnold. He was clever; more than that, he was extremely deft in cross-examination. No wonder her husband had said that Arnold was an unusually fine trial lawyer. Thank God, she had him!

Again Swett gave a name to the bailiff. A girl, twenty-five years old, appeared. She paused and stared around in a confused and bewildered way. She cast a nervous glance at the judge as if, in some way, she thought he might reprimand her. After this brief apprehensive glance, she continued across the room in her squeaking Sunday shoes, taking awkward, ungainly steps. Seeing Lyman J. Gage, she smiled. Here was a friend.

The clerk approached with the Bible.

Her name was Maggie Gavin, and she had worked for seventeen months at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

"What did you do before you got employed at the hotel?" asked Swett.

"I was married."

"Are you married now?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you," asked Swett, "serve the defendant?"

"I wait on Mrs. Lincoln," said Maggie.

"Is there not a colored girl who also attends Mrs. Lincoln?"

"We take turnabout, her one day, me the next and so on."

"What is the nature of your service, Miss Gavin?"

"I clean up her room and take care of it and so on."

"How long have you been attending Mrs. Lincoln?" asked Swett.

"In the neighborhood of two months."

"In that length of time you've come to know her quite well, have you not?"

"I have," said Maggie firmly.

"Have you noticed anything strange, or unusual, about her?"

"Have I! Lah me!" Miss Gavin rolled her eyes to show what she had been through.

"Is your answer Yes, Miss Gavin?"

"It is," said Miss Gavin.

"Will you tell us about her?"

"I don't hardly know where to begin," said Maggie, wrestling with the trying situation.

"I suggest you think of some concrete instance that comes to mind."

Maggie brightened up. "I've got it! One day when I was working away in her room, she called out, 'Maggie, come quick.' I got over to the window where she was standin'. 'What is it?' I says. 'Over there,' she says, pointing. I looked, an' there was a chimney with smoke comin' out the top. 'What is wrong, ma'am?' I says. A wild look came into her eyes. 'See that angry smoke comin' out of the chimney!' she says. 'What about it?' I says. She says, 'Chicago burned up once an' it might burn up again.' I humored her, as that is the best way to handle a person who's balmy. I says, 'Don't worry about it, Miz Lincoln. There's lots of smokin' chimneys in Chicago. Besides,' I says, 'the Chicago fire didn't start from a chimney. It started from a cow kicking over a lantern.' The cow story didn't calm her. She says, 'I'm always afraid of fire.' She was so upset I had to give her laudanum drops."

"Did she quiet down?"

"She kept saying another fire might break out, and she was so jumpy I had to give her more drops. 'I wouldn't care if I took too many,' she says. I felt sorry for her, even if she was important and I was just hired to wait on her."

"Have you noticed anything else unusual about her?" Swett asked.

"Lah me! She's got six trunks in her room, big square ones with leather handles. She buys things, puts them in her trunks and forgets what it is and where it is. She's got one of Tad's suits when he was a little boy. She don't ever forget where that is."

"Have you observed anything unusual in her conduct?"

"Every day I observe something."

"Will you give us an example?"

"Lah me! She says she's being followed by men, gets wild-looking, peeks out the window, then jumps back so they won't see her."

"Have you observed men following her?"

"I'll have to answer No to that. One day she says, 'Maggie, open the hall door suddenly,' which I went and did."

"And what did you see?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"Can you add to what you have already told us?" asked Swett.

"Another day she came rushing back from trading in one of the stores, and said, 'Maggie, a man has been following me. He followed me into the store and he followed me out.' I said, 'Miz Lincoln, that couldn't be. No man is followin' you.' "

"Did your reassurance help the situation?"

"She said I didn't know what I was talkin' about."

"You are a great help to us, Miss Gavin," declared Swett. "Do you think of some further incident that would illustrate her strange conduct?"

"I could if I had time to think," said Maggie. "Oh, yes! I've got it! One day she said to me, 'Maggie, I was out on State Street today, and a man came up, snatched my purse and

ran away.' I was sorry for her, for I knew she carried considerable money around. I went on with my work and a few minutes later found her purse. I held it up. 'Miz Lincoln,' I says, 'no man ran away with your purse. Here it is, safe and sound.' 'I know what happened,' said Miz Lincoln. 'The man brought it back and slipped it into the bureau drawer.' I told her that no one could get in her room and leave a purse in her bureau drawer without being seen, but she didn't pay any attention to what I said—began to talk about something else."

"Did you," Swett continued, "observe anything else of an unnatural nature?"

"She was always laying into General Grant."

"What did she say about General Grant?" asked Swett, leading her on.

"She said he was a butcher."

There was a pause while Swett let the statement impress the jury. "In your opinion, Miss Gavin," he continued, "what is Mrs. Lincoln's mental condition?"

"Plain batty," said Maggie.

"You may have the witness, Mr. Arnold," said Swett.

Arnold held a whispered consultation with Mary Lincoln, then turned to Maggie Gavin, who was now enjoying her new prestige. "Miss Gavin, do you know anyone on this jury?"

Maggie pointed at Lyman J. Gage. "I know him."

"Miss Gavin," continued Arnold, "I want to go back to Mrs. Lincoln's fear of fire. Did Mrs. Lincoln tell you about the White House stables?"

"No, sir. She never got on the subject. We talked about a good many things, but we didn't get to stables."

"Her sons kept their horses in the White House stables. One night the stables caught on fire and burned up the

screaming, terrified animals. Mrs. Lincoln witnessed the holocaust. It left an indelible mark on her mind."

"I can see how it would," said the sympathetic Maggie.

"You testified that Mrs. Lincoln did not like General Grant. Why, in your opinion, didn't she like him?"

"I never took it up with her."

"You testified you gave her laudanum drops," continued Arnold. "Do you think it would be within the bounds of credibility that she had so many laudanum drops that, on occasion, she was under their influence?"

Maggie thought for a moment. "It might be. The idea hadn't ever struck me."

"I wish to take up the subject of Mrs. Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln. Did he ever come to your hotel to see his mother?"

"Yes. It humiliated him to see the old lady acting like she did."

"Did he seem to want to help her and make life easier for her?"

"Yes. Sometimes, when he spoke of his mother, he got choked up."

Mary Lincoln's eyes flashed to Robert, and in her glance there was sudden tenderness. Her son did love her. She did have someone to lean on.

"You may step down now," said Arnold, and this Maggie did, and walked in her squeaking shoes to a seat.

## *Chapter 7*

THE parade continued.

Charles Gilman Smith identified himself as a physician with an office at 209 State Street, and a residence at 94 Calumet Avenue. He proved to be a colorless little man who, from time to time, leaned forward and cupped a hand behind his ear and said something that sounded like *"Heh?"*

Swett stepped forward. He wanted to impress the jury with the array of medical men that he was presenting, and, from time to time, repeated the word "doctor."

"Doctor, how long have you been in practice?"

"In Illinois, twenty-two years."

"Have you, Doctor, ever been called to attend a member of the Lincoln family?"

Smith leaned forward and cupped a hand behind his ear. *"Heh?"*

Swett repeated his question.

"I was once called to attend Thomas Lincoln, a minor, usually called Tad."

"Tell the jury whether you diagnosed his case."

"I did."

"Tell the jury what you found."

"The patient had dropsy of the chest."

"Did you medically examine, or treat, Mary Todd Lincoln?"

"I attended only Thomas Lincoln."

"While attending Thomas Lincoln, did you take occasion to observe the mother?"

"I did."

"What conclusion did you arrive at?" asked Swett.

"That she was *non compos mentis.*"

"In simple language, that means she was not mentally competent, does it not?"

"That would be a free translation of the Latin text."

"Now I will ask you—did she say, or do, anything that you considered abnormal?"

"She suddenly lashed out at General Grant."

"What did she say?"

"She said that when the war broke out, Grant had slaves but General Robert E. Lee didn't have slaves. She was bitter and unreasonable about General Grant."

"In view of all this, do you think Mrs. Lincoln is mentally insecure?"

"I do."

"Do you think she should be committed to a mental institution?"

"In my opinion, that would be the humane thing to do."

"That will be all, Dr. Smith," said the pleased Mr. Swett. "Your witness, Mr. Arnold."

Arnold took his place before the witness. He hesitated, then, with his mind made up, spoke quickly and tellingly. "Doctor, did you confer with anybody before testifying in this case?"

Dr. Smith cupped his ear. *"Heh?"*

When Arnold repeated the question, Smith moved un-

easily. "In a way, yes. Several of us physicians got together and discussed the case."

"At whose behest did you discuss the case?"

"Robert Lincoln's."

"What did Robert Lincoln say?"

"He said that he was very much concerned about his mother and that he believed she was losing her mind. He said that he loved his mother and wanted to do what was best for her."

"Did he indicate that she should be put into an insane asylum?"

"He did not use the words."

"Your conclusion about Mary Todd Lincoln's alleged insanity is based on your observation when you were called to attend her son, and on the pre-trial talk you physicians had when you got together at Robert's behest. Is that correct?"

"There was no doubt of her insanity."

"Can you make an unconditional answer?" asked Arnold.

"My answer to your question is Yes."

"You are a friend of Robert Todd Lincoln's?"

"I consider myself a good friend of Robert Lincoln's."

There were more questions. He hadn't leaped to conclusions, he said; he'd arrived at them by orderly process of reasoning. No, he hadn't given Mary Todd Lincoln any tests; nor had he had any direct communication with her on the subject. At last he was allowed to step down; he walked along the aisle, looking for a seat. Finding one, he sat down and put his hand behind his ear.

A strange character was brought out of the room where there seemed to be no end of witnesses, all prepared to testify against Mary Todd Lincoln. He was a little bantam of a man. After he was seated, he looked out across the crowded courtroom as if enjoying being the center of attention.

"Will you be good enough to give us your name and position, please?" asked Swett.

"John Fitzhenry, usually called John, waiter at the Grand Pacific Hotel."

"Do you serve Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I do."

"What kind of person have you found her to be?"

"A bit of a problem, sir."

"Can you be more specific?" Swett asked.

"She pecks at her food. Sometimes she don't even peck—leaves it untasted. When I take it to her room, it's the same way. When I come back for the tray, there's the food, just like it was when it left the kitchen, only cold."

"Has she ever made any comment about the food?" asked Swett, hoping the answer would deal with poisoning.

"She has, sir."

"Will you tell us what it was?" said Swett.

"She said that hotel-cooked food didn't taste like home-cooked food."

Swett did not show his disappointment to the jury. Quickly he asked whether John had observed anything else about Mrs. Lincoln.

John thought deeply. "Yes, I have! When she was in the ladies' parlor, she beckoned to me and said, 'Go to the dining room and tell the tallest man there to come to me.' "

"Did you do as she requested?"

"Our manager, Mr. Turner, was the tallest man there, and I brought him to her."

"What," asked Swett, "did she want with him?"

"I always have lots to do, so can't stop to listen to other people's business."

"Can you, Mr. Fitzhenry, think of anything else that would serve to illuminate her character?"

Again John thought deeply. His face brightened. "I think I have it! One morning she came down to breakfast an' ordered her usual."

"What was her usual, Mr. Fitzhenry?"

"A fried egg. I brought it and placed it before her. She sniffed—like this—and said, 'Take it away an' bring me a soft-boiled egg in the shell.' Naturally I asked was the fried egg unsatisfactory. 'It's been poisoned,' she said. 'If an egg is in the shell, it can't be poisoned,' she also said. I removed the fried egg and brought her an egg in the shell, which she et."

"Do you think of anything else that would serve to point up her character?"

Again he did some hard thinking. "Our regular boarders roll up their napkins, place them in silver holders and put them in pigeonhole boxes meant for the purpose. A napkin is supposed to last a week. But Mrs. Lincoln wants a fresh napkin every day. She will not listen to reason."

"In your opinion, is she responsible for her acts?"

"I have to judge her by what I come in contact with—her eating and dining-room habits. People who don't eat right, don't think right."

"What," asked Swett, "is your conclusion?"

"She don't think right."

Mary Lincoln watched the court reporters taking it down in shorthand, and the newspaper reporters making longhand notes. Tomorrow it would be in the papers, and she would be disgraced. But, with Isaac Arnold doing so well, maybe her side would win. She again looked at Robert, but he was engaged in some legal papers and did not see her.

When Arnold stepped forward, Mary could see him tightening himself to be at his best.

"Mr. Fitzhenry, you testified that Mrs. Lincoln asked you to go to the dining room and tell the tallest man there to

come to her. This proved to be Mr. Turner, the manager of the hotel. Is that right?"

"You have it right," replied the man suspiciously.

"Could it be possible that Mrs. Lincoln had momentarily forgotten the manager's name and used a description instead?"

"She didn't mention forgetting his name."

"Do you think of anything else that might help us understand the situation before us?" asked Arnold.

Again John wrestled with thought. And again he brightened. "One day when I was in her room, she called me to the window and pointed to smoke coming out of a chimney. 'John,' she said, 'did you go through the Chicago fire?' 'No, ma'am. I said. 'I had a job in Milwaukee.' 'I lost a friend in the fire,' she said, and that concluded our conversation."

"Did she extend gratuities?"

"You mean tips?"

"Yes, tips."

"Yes, sir. You can tell in a day or two, when a new person comes to your hotel, if they're going to tip, or not. She was very liberal about that. No complaint. At evening dinner she always left a quarter."

"The average patron—for an average meal—how would you estimate the tip?" Arnold asked.

"Man or lady?"

"Either, or both."

"A man gives more. If you draw a lady, you're not going to do well. To get back to your question: a dime. Of course, that varies. Drummers are good tippers. But you don't always get a drummer. Sometimes you'll go two or three meals without a drummer."

"Can you think of anything further in your relationship to Mrs. Lincoln?" asked Arnold.

"Let me think." He thought for a moment, wrinkling his brow and biting his lips. "Here it is! One time she ordered turkey hen, which we had on the card that day. I brought a choice breast slice and set it before her. She looked at it, then said, 'Take it away.' 'Madam,' I said, 'you have not tasted it.' 'Take it away,' she said even sharper. 'What is wrong with it, madam?' I said. Then she said, 'In Kentucky I used to have turkeys as pets. Take it away at once.' "

"Did you?"

"Promptly, sir."

"You have testified that you thought Mrs. Lincoln was eccentric and erratic and had a strange attitude toward food. If she had the right attitude toward food, would you think she was normal?"

"It'd be a step in the right direction."

The next witness walked with a wooden leg. He was thirty-two or thirty-three years old. As he stumped past Mary Lincoln, he paused and glared. Then he started on again, making the strange hunching motions of a man who has to walk with only one natural leg.

"What is your name, and what are your business connections?" asked Swett.

"Willie Wooster, by name. Have a business of my own on Wabash Avenue. Jewelry and personal adornments."

"Do you know the defendant?" asked Swett.

"I do," said Wooster in a bitter tone. "I know him, too," he added, pointing to Robert Todd Lincoln. "I was in the war four years, lost my leg, been a cripple ever since. But *he* didn't lose a leg—he never heard a shot fired. He was a shirker."

Mary was aroused by the attack on her son. Getting to her feet, she said indignantly, "My son was not a shirker. He was

attending classes at Harvard. As soon as he finished, he joined the service."

" 'Joined the service!' What humor! Pass that along to Artemus Ward. You wrote General Grant to give your darling son a job, but he refused. Then you made President Lincoln write him and ask him to give your brave son a job on General Grant's personal staff. Oh, it was in all the papers! There he sits, your brave son, with two good legs under him."

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried Mary.

But he could not be stopped.

"Put him on the stand and ask him if he ever heard a Minie ball sing. Ask him if he ever et meat with maggots for mustard. Ask him if he ever heard a handsaw bite into a bone."

"I've lost three sons," said the tortured woman. "My husband was shot down as truly as any soldier on the field."

To be shot down on the field meant something to Willie Wooster, and he became less heated. "I didn't mean no disrespect to Abe, ma'am. I looked up to him. We all loved him, and in bivouac we'd tell his funny stories and enjoy a good laugh. He wanted his son to fight," said Willie, his voice growing sharp, "but you kept him from it. That's the truth, and no one can dispute it."

"Stop, Mr. Wooster," called the judge, "or you will be arrested and open to fine."

"I couldn't help it, seeing him," said Willie, pointing, as he spoke, to Robert Todd Lincoln, "sitting there in his fancy trousers and polished shoes." Drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he blew his nose loudly, then returned the handkerchief to his pocket. "Excuse me, Judge," he said contritely; "it upsets me."

When the man was quieted, the judge asked Swett what he expected to prove by his witness, to which Swett replied

that he would endeavor to show that the man had sold two watches to the defendant for three hundred dollars and that Robert had returned them and got back the money.

"We'll accept that," said Arnold.

"You may step down, Mr. Wooster," said Swett, and Wooster started to leave the witness stand. Halfway down, he stopped and addressed the judge. "I'm sorry for the way I fired off. You can't wear a stick like this for ten years without it getting on your nerves." Then he went clack-clack to a seat.

In addition, the following witnesses testified. They were not important and said little that affected the case, but no doubt the number impressed the jury.

Mrs. Allen, housekeeper at the hotel, testified that Mrs. Lincoln seemed to suffer from "nervous excitement," that Mrs. Lincoln walked the floor a great part of the night, that she had a closet filled with unopened packages. "I consider Mrs. Lincoln insane."

Charles Dodge, cashier at the hotel, said that Mrs. Lincoln was "nervous"; she had told him that a stranger had been in her room and that she was afraid she might be molested.

Mr. Seaton, agent for the United States Express Company, testified that one day in April he had sent eleven trunks to Milwaukee for Mrs. Lincoln. She had told him she was planning on spending the summer in Wisconsin. "I considered her manner strange."

E. G. Moulton, sales clerk for a dry-goods store, testified that he had sold Mrs. Lincoln eighty dollars' worth of dry goods and had observed her manner, which, he said, "was queer."

J. S. Townsend, with the Mayo Jewelry Company, testified that he had sold Mrs. Lincoln watches and spectacles to the sum of three hundred dollars. "She acted queer."

T. C. Matlock, in business for himself, sold her three trunks in a week. "Her manner was excited."

Dr. Hosmer A. Johnson, formerly a member of the Chicago Board of Health, testified he had listened to the evidence and was convinced that the defendant was mentally deranged.

## *Chapter 8*

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN was tall and handsome and was well dressed, so well dressed, in fact, that he was almost foppish. He was thirty-two. His mother had often said that he was not a "true Lincoln." He was an aloof person, hard to get acquainted with, hard to hold a conversation with. And he had little or no sense of humor. Quite different, indeed, was his fun-loving father. He was dominated by love of money, which, seemingly, had been inherited from his mother. This did not find expression in personal possessions, as in the case of his mother, but in business assets. He had a high sense of honor. In addition, he was scrupulously honest. No one ever had a complaint as to his integrity. And now, as he settled himself into the witness chair, he turned his eyes away from his mother.

"What," asked Swett, "is your name, and what, if any, is your relationship to the defendant?"

"My name is Robert Todd Lincoln," he replied in a low voice, "and the defendant is my mother."

"You are the son of Abraham Lincoln?"

"He was my father."

"What is your business or profession, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I am an attorney-at-law."

"With what firm are you associated?"

"Isham & Lincoln."

Swett came a little nearer; now he would ask questions that meant something. "You heard Dr. Isham testify that you and he went to the railroad station to meet your mother on her arrival from the South. In what condition did you find your mother?"

"She was," said Robert hesitatingly, "greatly agitated and was acting strangely."

"Did this disturb you?"

"It disturbed me, but it was not unexpected."

"I am not certain I know what you mean, Mr. Lincoln."

"My mother is given to hallucinations."

"Can you give an example?"

"She has always worried about not being financially secure, even when my father was drawing his Presidential salary."

"How much was this?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars a year."

"Can you cite another example of her hallucinations?"

Robert moved uneasily, for he was suffering. When he spoke, his voice was husky. "She once said that I wanted to murder her."

Mary Lincoln half-rose in her great agitation and shrieked, "I did not mean it that way."

Instantly the judge rapped for order and again warned Mary. "The court asks the defendant to restrain herself. It has been lenient so far, because of the delicate situation we face, but it cannot continue to indulge the defendant. You may continue, Mr. Swett."

"Can you," said Swett, again addressing Robert, "tell what happened and why your mother made such a statement?"

"On her arrival from the South, she went to the Grand Pacific Hotel—"

"State the location of the hotel."

"At Jackson Boulevard and Clark Street."

"This city?"

"Yes, sir. Chicago."

"Continue, Mr. Lincoln."

"She was nervous and low-spirited, and she asked me to remain overnight. I was glad to do so, and took an adjoining room. During the night I became conscious that she was moving about in her room. She opened the door and started down the corridor, dressed in the scantiest of clothes. I hastened after her, calling to her, but she paid no heed. She got into the elevator, and I managed to get in, too. She told the operator to take her to the street level. 'You must get off with me and return to your room,' I said. 'I will not do so,' she said. 'I am going to a druggist shop.' I put my arms around her in order to restrain her, whereupon she screamed, 'You are going to murder me.' I tried to pacify her, but she continued to scream. I was shocked to find she was so far gone mentally that she would even think such a thing."

"Then what transpired?"

"I ordered the operator to ascend to our floor, which he did. As I conducted her down the hallway, she sobbed and moaned. 'This is where the man hides,' she said. 'There is no man here,' I said, but this did not reassure her. She continued to look wildly about. I managed to get her into her room and finally into her bed. I lay down on a sofa and there spent the night."

"Did that conclude the incident, Mr. Lincoln?"

"It did not. The next day I engaged a room across the hall. During subsequent nights she would come to my room and sit there talking in a flighty manner."

"In these talks, what subject did she chiefly concern herself with?"

"The past. The death of my three brothers, the tragedy of my father. Suddenly she would burst into tears and weep copiously."

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," said Swett in the voice he used when he approached an important point, "I shall ask you—is your mother a natural conservator of money?"

"She spends it without judgment."

"If you had control of her funds, you would spend them more judiciously. Is that true?"

"I would endeavor to."

"Has your mother always spent more money than she could afford?"

"My father was constantly receiving bills that he did not know she had contracted."

"On receiving such bills, was he short with her?"

"He was always kind and understanding."

"Your mother's name was recently in the papers as trying to sell old clothes to secondhand dealers. Can you inform us about this matter?"

"Along with my mother's urge to spend, she has a streak of economy. Recently this streak suddenly seized her, and she went to New York to sell her old clothes to a dealer in cast-off apparel."

"Was this to secure funds?"

"She had funds. The move was part of her mixed-up thinking on the subject of money."

"She has always had money hallucinations, then?"

"Yes, especially since we lost Father."

"It was a great loss for all of us," said Swett. "You will recall it was I who put him into nomination in Chicago for President."

"I know it quite well, Mr. Swett. It was a turning point in his life."

There was a hush in the courtroom, and for the moment, all seemed to sense the spirit of Abraham Lincoln.

"Is this," continued Swett, "an independent action on your part?"

"When I was debating the matter of petitioning for a hearing on my mother's sanity, I consulted Judge David Davis, who has had the handling of my father's estate, and I consulted my mother's cousin, John Todd Stuart, who is the mayor of Springfield, Illinois."

"With what result, Mr. Lincoln?"

"They said my mother should be sent to an institution."

"What, may I ask, is your belief?"

"My belief is the same."

"That will be all. Mr. Arnold, do you wish to cross-examine?"

Arnold took his place before the witness, and waited a moment, as he always did, before he spoke. "You testified you were a member of the law firm of Isham & Lincoln. Is this lawyer Isham any relation to Dr. Isham, the first witness today?"

"Dr. Isham is the nephew of my law partner."

"Does this testimony, then, become a family affair?"

Swett leaped to his feet, entering an objection—the defense was trying to badger his witness, he said. And this the judge sustained, adding, "Mr. Arnold will not make deductions based on assumptions."

Arnold consulted a note. "The foreman of the jury identified himself as cashier of the First National Bank. Is this the bank you do business with, Mr. Lincoln?"

"It is."

"You heard the testimony wherein it was stated that your mother believed men were following her?"

"I did," said Robert.

"Who were these men, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Pinkerton detectives."

Mary Lincoln stood up at this and cried, "Oh, Robert, did you hire detectives to follow me? How could you do that to your mother?"

Again the judge warned her. Mary stood looking at Robert, crushed, then sank wearily into her seat and began to weep.

"Why," continued Arnold, "did you hire detectives to follow your mother?"

"I engaged them to report where she had made her purchases."

"Why, Mr. Lincoln?"

"So I could return these extravagant purchases."

"Then your mother was correct in her belief that men were following her?"

"They were her protectors."

"You are an attorney, Mr. Lincoln, and know courtroom procedure."

"My answer is Yes, she was right in her belief."

"Did these men sit in the hall outside her door at night?"

"They were so instructed."

"Then your mother was right when she said there were strange men in the hall at night?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you inform your mother who these men were and thus save her great agony?"

"Then I would have had no way of knowing what she was doing."

"Why did you want to know what she was doing?"

"So I could return the purchases and get the money back."

"Did you return the money to your mother?"

"I arranged it so she could go to the stores and get it herself, direct."

"You have petitioned this court to send your mother to a mental institution?"

"I'm doing it for her best interest."

"Does she believe it is for her best interest?"

"My mother does not. But she should have someone to look after her."

"Could this not be done in your home, Mr. Lincoln? You are a well-to-do man and have a large house."

"My mother and wife are not in agreement."

"Couldn't your mother be received into the home of one of her relatives in Springfield?"

"They do not wish to accept the responsibility."

"Is it not," inquired Arnold, "a duty rather than a responsibility?"

"It is a duty that she should be taken care of."

"You are, Mr. Lincoln, evading the subject."

"I'm doing the best I can under your uncalled-for lashing," said Robert with more spirit than he had yet shown.

"I will lead you back to the testimony you have just given. You said your mother thought you were ill, so she came back from Florida to see how you were. Is that correct?"

"It is correct," said Robert with dignity.

"You testified that she believed someone had tried to poison her. Is that correct?"

"It is correct."

Arnold came closer to Robert and paused, as he always did, before a telling thrust. "Are you cognizant, Mr. Lincoln, that during your family's occupancy of the White House, your mother lived in constant fear that some of your father's enemies would try to poison him?"

"They tried it twice!" cried Mary. And again the judge

warned her, showing more patience and understanding than he had yet displayed. And again Mary settled back in her chair, her burst of temper over.

"Will you, Mr. Lincoln, answer the question?" said Arnold.

"I knew it at the time, but I was young and did not pay too much attention to it."

"Mr. Lincoln, is not this the true situation? First, you sincerely want to help your mother? Second, that you want to get control of her money?"

"Objection!" shouted Swett. "He is trying to vilify my client."

"Sustained," said the judge. "You are playing near the edge, Mr. Arnold."

"You testified, I believe, that your mother was spending her money too freely. Is that correct?"

"I think she is no longer capable of managing her affairs."

"And the next step, Mr. Lincoln? I am eager to know what that is."

"That she should be institutionalized."

"Does that mean, Mr. Lincoln, that she should be put behind bars and locked doors, with an iron cot to sleep on? Is that what your impressive word means?"

"That is one way of stating it."

"Is there another way of stating it, Mr. Lincoln?"

Swett leaped to his feet. "Objection! I submit that Mr. Arnold is again badgering my witness."

Judge Wallace leaned forward, his arms spread on his desk, a habitual gesture of emphasis. "Mr. Swett, you will not say 'again.' I did not, when the point came up before, rule the defense was badgering your witness, so 'again' is not involved. Your objection, however, is sustained." Directing himself to Arnold, he said, "Mr. Arnold, you are on the border of contempt. The court will not warn you again."

"Yes, Your Honor," said Arnold, having, for the moment, a flash of respect for the heavy-minded judge. Then he turned to Robert. "Mr. Lincoln, where does your mother keep her funds?"

"In her underskirt."

"How, Mr. Lincoln?"

"She has a series of pockets."

"Does she have these securities on her now?" asked Arnold.

"I believe that to be true," said Robert.

"How much will they total?"

"I have reason to believe, about fifty-six thousand dollars."

At this mention of money, Mary Lincoln got to her feet, excited, her eyes blazing, and shrieked, "But he'll not get it! It's to take care of me when I'm old and helpless."

The judge was touched by Mary's suffering. "The law will protect you, Mrs. Lincoln," he said in a kindly voice. "Meanwhile, please do not offer personal opinions from the floor."

With this flurry over, Arnold turned to Robert Lincoln, who, for the most part, kept his eyes on the floor. "Do you feel that these little patterns of conduct are sufficient reason to put your mother behind bars?"

"I feel my mother needs to be confined."

"The court will order a recess of two minutes while we try to compose ourselves. It is trying for all of us, especially upon Mr. Lincoln, for whom the court feels great sympathy."

There was a wait of a few minutes, during which Arnold whispered to Mary Lincoln, who wiped her eyes.

"Mr. Lincoln," asked Arnold, when the court again convened, "do you have any feeling that you have been badly advised?"

"I have not," said Robert with sharp decision. "I went to the men who knew her best and who wished only the best for her."

"Could they have been mistaken?"

"I do not think so."

"That is all, Mr. Lincoln. You may step down. The defense has worked under certain difficulties in the matter of securing witnesses, so our list will be somewhat curtailed," said Arnold with bitter irony. "I shall call only one defense witness. Mary Todd Lincoln, will you take the stand?"

A buzz ran through the audience. What would she be like? Would she show herself to be insane? Or would she make a favorable impression?

"Are you ready, Mrs. Lincoln?" asked Arnold.

"I am," she said, as she walked firmly toward the witness chair.

## *Chapter 9*

THERE she sat on the witness stand: a small, round-faced woman, whose hair was beginning to turn gray. At her throat was what she called "my mourning brooch," and, in her hand, her ivory fan.

Arnold stepped before her. "You are the widow of our late President, Abraham Lincoln, are you not?"

"I am."

"May I ask, how old are you?"

Her fan moved back and forth. "Is that necessary?"

"I think the jury would like to know."

"I'm nine years younger than my husband."

Arnold smiled.

"You love your son, do you not?" he asked.

Pride flashed over her face. "I have loved all my sons. But Robert and I don't seem to undestand each other."

"Is this not true in many families, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I don't know what is true in other families."

"Mrs. Lincoln, you heard your son testify that he received a telegram from you saying he was ill and that you would come immediately to Chicago. In addition he testified that he had not been ill in ten years. Will you tell us what made you think he was ill?"

"He did not write me, and when I do not hear from him, I'm worried. Ever since he was a boy in school, I've sent telegrams to Robert to know how he was. Then I had a bad dream about him."

"Now reviewing the testimony, you heard Dr. Isham state that at Jacksonville an attempt was made to poison your coffee. Did someone attempt to poison your coffee?"

"Looking back on it now, I don't think so. I was greatly agitated that morning. I had not slept, and I had a bad headache. The coffee tasted bitter, and it seemed to have a strange odor."

"Since the poison attempt in the White House, you have had an unreasoning fear of poisoning, haven't you?"

"It wasn't merely an attempt, Mr. Arnold. Two of the staff became ill."

"When you go to a restaurant, do you watch for poisoning?"

"Yes."

"Two witnesses have testified that you became alarmed when you saw smoke issuing from a chimney. Is there any reason why you should be alarmed when you see such a sight?"

"Black, angry smoke always alarms me."

"Why, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I don't know."

"Think back into the past. Is there not some memory in which smoke meant something frightening to you?"

"I don't think of anything."

"Did you witness the Chicago fire?"

"I did not, but I had a friend who perished in it."

"Would it be fair to say that a fire, or the appearance of a fire, would alarm you more than it would an average person?"

"I don't know how it would affect an average person."

"Do you, Mrs. Lincoln, bring to mind any other time when smoke, or fire, meant something personal to you?"

One reason he was succeeding so well was that he knew from writing the life of Abraham Lincoln many of the family details that no one else was familiar with.

"When the White House stables burned and the horses screamed in pain, I had to be helped off the grounds."

"Does the sight of black, angry smoke bring back that experience?"

"It does, Mr. Arnold. You mentioned that in your book."

"I am pleased you remembered it, Mrs. Lincoln. You will recall Dr. Danforth, our third witness, testified that a wandering Jew had tried to seize your purse. Can you explain what you meant, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I meant he was the kind of person who seems to go from place to place without any definite home of his own."

"Dr. Danforth testified that you suddenly leaned over a small center table and began to talk to it. He said you indulged in what he termed 'mumbo-jumbo.' Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to chase the old blow-hard out."

At the delighted uproar in the courtroom, there was the whack of the gavel. "Mrs. Lincoln," said Judge Wallace sternly, "you will indulge in no personal remarks about witnesses."

There was a smile on Arnold's face, but she must not do this again. Going to her side, he warned her.

"Your son testified, I believe," he continued, "that when he put his arms around you in the elevator, you screamed, 'You are going to murder me.' Did you really believe your son would do that?"

"I did not believe it. I wanted to get out, and I thought that was the best way."

The bailiff banged and sang his song, "Order in the court! Order in the court!"

"Mrs. Lincoln," said Arnold, "I want to lead you back to your childhood in Lexington, Kentucky. When you were about seven years old, your mother died. Did you have a feeling of insecurity?"

"I did," said Mary with feeling.

"Did you try to offset this feeling by collecting toys and having childhood possessions around you?"

"I did, Mr. Arnold," said Mary.

"Is it fair, Mrs. Lincoln, to state that deep down in your subconscious you had a feeling of insecurity?"

"I realize now that I had."

"Is it also fair to state that today, when you buy so many articles, you are proving to yourself that you are secure?"

"I had never thought of that, Mr. Arnold," said Mary.

"Is not," continued Arnold, "some deep and profound principle of psychology involved that our professors of psychology and mesmerism do not understand?"

"It could well be."

Arnold's voice became more personal. "Mrs. Lincoln, do you consider yourself insane?"

"I don't think I'm any crazier than some of the people in this room."

Again the gavel banged, and again Judge Wallace had his say.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Lincoln," said Arnold, smiling. He grew serious. "Who knows the thin line between eccentricities and madness? The psychologists have given us no clear understanding of the workings of the brain. If the jury will pardon a personal passage, I will say that I like to

think of the brain as corresponding to the 'works' inside a finely wrought watch. We do not see them; the layman does not understand them. He sees the watch become eccentric and undependable, but he does not know how to cure it of its eccentricities. The comparison, gentlemen, becomes impressive when I say that the human brain is a thousand times more complicated than the finest watch ever brought from France."

Swett got to his feet. "I wish to compliment Mr. Arnold on his noble comparison. I only wish it dealt with the matter in hand."

"Gentlemen," came from Judge Wallace with more spirit than he had yet demonstrated, "enough has been said. This is, after all, a court of law, not a debating society. Mr. Arnold, have you any further testimony you wish to offer from your witness?"

"I have finished, Your Honor. I shall turn her over to Mr. Swett."

It could be seen how the tall and immaculate Leonard T. Swett relished his opportunity. "Now, Mrs. Lincoln," he said, "let's take up a point or two that your learned counselor overlooked. First, I would like for you to recall what a true friend of your husband's I was. No one apprised him more highly than I. I've had many a laugh with him, so it is with great regret that I must appear as counsel against you."

"My husband said you had to be watched like a fox in a chicken yard."

Swett gave a startled look, but he was too much of an actor to let it perturb him. "Of course," he said, giving a false laugh, "he was having one of his jokes."

"He said things humorously, but they were founded on truth."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Lincoln," he said, pretending to agree with her. "Quite right."

It became evident that he was planning to arouse Mary Lincoln's hot temper and make her say things that would harm her. "Mrs. Lincoln, I want to pause in this hearing and pay earnest and sincere homage to your husband for what I consider the greatest letter ever written in America."

"Abraham wrote beautiful letters."

"I refer, of course, to the letter he wrote Mrs. Bixby, sustaining her in her loss on the battlefield of her five sons. I say that no one can be so callous, or so completely void of human emotion as not to be stirred by this noble epistle."

"The letter is spurious."

" 'Spurious'?" repeated Swett. "What do you mean, Mrs. Lincoln? The letter is part of the culture of America."

"I'd like to say Abraham wrote such a letter, but that would not be true. My husband was so great that he does not have to live by falsification."

"We do not want the jury to get a wrong impression of you, Mrs. Lincoln. Will you explain what you mean by your assertion that your husband was not author of the letter? You will realize that we are at an important point. Think before you answer, Mrs. Lincoln."

"I have thought about it many times, Mr. Swett. Mrs. Bixby had not lost five sons in battle, but only two; two other sons were deserters from the United States Army. The letter should never have gone forward."

"I'm sure this comes as a surprise to the jury. Is there anything else we should know about the letter?"

"It was written by someone other than my husband and put on my husband's desk. He signed it, possibly without reading it, as sometimes was the case during hurried hours. I do not wish to take a firm stand, but I think the letter was

written by my husband's secretary, John Hay, who boasted that he could imitate Abraham's handwriting."

"Then it was not composed by your husband?"

"I have reason to think it was not."

"Did Mr. Lincoln ever mention Mrs. Bixby to you?"

"I am not sure he ever heard of her."

"I see, Mrs. Lincoln. Very interesting. I'm sure the jury will weigh all that you've said. Now, Mrs. Lincoln, I want to lead from what you call the 'spurious' letter, to your childhood in Kentucky. My distinguished colleague encouraged you to say that a chain of thought started then has affected you all your mature life, namely, a feeling of insecurity. Now, I ask you, did you know, until Mr. Arnold so disconcertingly pointed it out, that you had this alleged feeling of insecurity?"

"I did not recognize it."

"Then it could not have been very strong, could it?"

"I suppose not," replied Mary, hesitatingly, not knowing what he was leading to.

"Are you prepared to state that almost fifty years ago a chain of ideas started in your mental consciousness that brings you, this day, into this somber courtroom?"

"I couldn't say that."

"Of course not!" said Swett triumphantly. "This so-called psychology, phrenology and mesmerism are all poppy-cock, are they not?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How, in the name of common sense, can anybody say *what* idea started in your mind fifty years ago? You yourself don't know. Then how can a mere observer make such an assertion? An idea is a very transient thing. Science says that an idea lasts only a fraction of a fraction of a second—one-tenth the length of a flash of lightning. How can this imag-

inary idea of fifty years ago, lasting the snap of a finger, affect your life today? I ask you, Mrs. Lincoln, how could it?"

"I cannot say."

"Nor can anyone else," said Swett. "I want to explore matters in your adult life, not fancy beliefs and imaginary findings half a century after they supposedly happened. It is known that Abraham Lincoln was madly in love with Ann Rutledge—"

"That is not true!" cried Mary, aroused by this subject that had become such a thorn in her life.

"And he so deeply loved her that, for a time, it was believed he was going crazy."

"That is not true. I never heard of her until long after we were married."

"And that his friends took his pocketknife from him so that he would not commit suicide. Tell me, Mrs. Lincoln, is that not true?"

"It's a shocking falsehood."

"Is it not true that Abraham Lincoln wept copious tears on Ann Rutledge's grave?"

"It's not true."

"A million people believe it to be true, Mrs. Lincoln."

"That shameful falsehood was started by William Herndon. Not one word written or printed at the time she lived has ever been found that shows Abraham loved her. All this scandalizing came thirty years after the event. She was nineteen when she died. This romantic story came from Herndon's falsifications."

"Why," demanded Swett, "did he start such 'falsifications,' as you call them? He was your husband's law partner and must have had your husband's best interests at heart."

"Because he hated me. He was a drunkard. Once he was so drunk that he fell in the street and had to be trussed up

like a pig, and carted off to jail. Is that the kind of man you are quoting as an authority on my husband?"

"I am only telling what is popularly known."

Instantly Arnold was on his feet. "Your Honor, may I suggest that if Mr. Swett is testifying, he be put under oath?"

"Objection sustained," said Judge Wallace. "Defense counsel will cease offering his opinions."

"Continue, Mrs. Lincoln," said Swett. "You were speaking of Mr. Lincoln and Ann Rutledge."

"Herndon," said Mary Lincoln, who was now trembling with indignation, "started the Ann Rutledge story after my husband was dead and could not defend himself. Herndon was a liar, a deceiver and a miserable dog."

"That is harsh language, Mrs. Lincoln," said Swett, in an effort to enrage her and cause her to make wild statements.

"I want it to be that way," sobbed the distraught woman.

"You were once the first lady of the land," said Swett. "Do you want it to be known that you engage in such indelicate language? The jury might get the wrong idea about you."

"Your Honor," said Arnold, again on his feet, "may I suggest that I will instruct my client as to what she should, or should not, do, rather than accept the services of the helpful Mr. Swett?"

"Mr. Swett," said Judge Wallace, "you will observe your place and act accordingly."

"I want it known that Herndon defamed my husband in order to strike at me."

Again Arnold leaped to his feet. "I submit, Your Honor, that Mr. Swett is baiting the witness and trying to lash her into unconsidered statements."

"The court holds that the line of questioning pursued by the defense falls within the scope of the case. The court will again point out that there are only two issues to be resolved:

First—is the defendant insane? Second—should a conservator be appointed? All other matters are immaterial."

"Mrs. Lincoln," continued Swett, "I am forced to ask questions I would rather not propound, but we are dealing with a vital issue—your sanity—so I am forced to ask them, loath as I am to do so. Is it not true that Abraham Lincoln failed to show up for the wedding and that you waited, hoping he would come?"

This was something that had embittered her for years, and now she answered in a shrill, half-sobbing voice. "That is another of the lies told about Abraham and me. Our engagement was broken, and our wedding was postponed for sixteen months, but I never waited anywhere for him."

"Why, Mrs. Lincoln, was the wedding postponed?"

"My kinfolks thought that Abraham wasn't good enough for me and worked on him to such an extent that he said we should postpone the wedding."

"Mrs. Lincoln, I will call this to your attention," said Swett, delighted that he had got Mrs. Lincoln to the point where she would make an unfavorable impression on the jury. "William Herndon, in his lecture, declared that Abraham Lincoln was afraid to marry you, because of your quick temper."

"Lies! More lies!" cried Mrs. Lincoln, who was now almost hysterical. "Look at this. My wedding ring. I'll read what Abraham had engraved on the inside. *Love is eternal.* I loved him with all my heart, and he loved me. He was holding my hand the night he was shot. I felt his hand jerk. His precious blood ran out on my sleeve—and you try to say we were unhappy!"

"I did not say that, Mrs. Lincoln."

"That was what you meant."

"Are you presuming to tell me what I meant?"

"I'm trying to tell you that you don't know what you're talking about," said the fiery little woman.

"The court," mumbled the judge, "once more warns the witness not to indulge in personal comments about the opposing counsel."

"I submit that my client has what is called the 'Todd temper,' " said Arnold, "and that my colleague is taking advantage of it so that my client will make a disadvantageous impression on the jury."

"I have the 'Todd honor,' too," broke in Mrs. Lincoln. "Don't forget that, Mr. Arnold!"

"Indeed you have, Mrs. Lincoln, and it's something to be proud of."

"When you left Springfield, Illinois, bound for the White House, how many trunks did you take?" asked Swett as if making a casual inquiry.

"Two. Abraham roped the trunks, got cards and wrote on them, *'A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, D.C.,'* and tacked the cards on the trunks himself."

"When you departed from the White House, as a widow, how many trunks did you take?"

"About twenty."

"Many people, Mrs. Lincoln, believe you took with you curtains, hangings, silverware and appointments belonging to the White House. Is this true?"

Swett knew this would enrage her, for there had been flat statements in the papers that she had deliberately stolen certain White House effects.

"That's another falsehood," said the trembling woman. "Friends and well-wishers sent us presents—some I left in the White House; some I took with me."

Swett's voice purred. "Mrs. Lincoln, you would not steal, would you?"

"Your Honor, do I have to answer that absurd question?"

"If the court please," broke in Swett, "I am trying to establish that the defendant will do things now that she would not have done in the early days."

"You will answer the question, Mrs. Lincoln."

"I never stole a penny in my life."

"Your Honor," said Arnold, "Mr. Swett is beating down the witness. An ethical point is raised: has a strong person the right to climb to success on the body of a weaker one?"

"As you suggest, Mr. Arnold, the point is an ethical one and thus need not be explored in a court of law."

"But see in what a ghastly way it's working out," protested Arnold. "It's the burden of the world today—the strong imposing on the weak."

Judge Wallace leaned forward. "It does not concern us what the burden of the world is today. We are concerned with the two questions the court has stressed, and you will, Mr. Arnold, confine yourself to them."

"I shall, Your Honor. While I am on my feet, I would like to suggest to the jury that there is no accepted definition of sanity. Courts have one definition; physicians have another; lay people, a third. Not infrequently, one court will find a person insane, but a higher court will arrive at a contrary conclusion. When is a person insane? When is a person sane? I'm not sure I know. We see people every day who are 'eccentric,' but not to such a degree as to put them into an institution. I submit that this is the situation that confronts us today. As a citizen of our state, I am concerned with how many sane people have been put into asylums because somebody wanted to be free of them. You or I, or any member of this jury can be so protected, if there is enough pressure on somebody's part. It is, I submit, a terrifying thought."

"Have you quite finished, Mr. Arnold?"

"In words I have. In thoughts I haven't. The unfairness of what I see around me will remain."

"I take it you said you were finished?"

"Yes, Your Honor. I've finished this unpleasant theme. However, I submit that this is a question that should be answered. Should Mr. Swett continue to beat the helpless witness down so he can win the case and advance himself politically?"

'The court," rumbled Judge Wallace, "sees no reason to order Mr. Swett to change his line of questioning."

Swett again turned to Mary. "Mrs. Lincoln, you loved the South, didn't you?"

"Yes, I loved it."

"Were you loyal to the North?"

"I was."

"How many relatives did you have serving with the Confederacy?"

"One brother, three half-brothers and three brothers-in-law. I hoped they would either be captured or killed, because, if they could, they would have killed my husband."

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Lincoln," said the judge, touched by Mary's distress.

As if she had not heard the admonition, Mary shouted, "How can I be calm with this hay-contractor firing at me?"

"Mrs. Lincoln," said Swett, choosing to overlook what she had said, "I want to explore your attitude toward your son."

"I love him very much, but . . ."

"But what, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"How could he do this to me?"

"When your son was in Phillips Exeter Academy, did he take the examinations for entrance into Harvard?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that he failed in fourteen out of fifteen subjects?"

"The examiners were unfair."

"Is it not true," continued Swett, "that he had to be tutored and take the examinations the second time?"

"So did others."

"We are interested only in the case immediately before us."

"You cannot say a word against my son," said Mary.

"Shall I," asked Swett, "repeat the question?"

"Judge," Mary cried out, "can't you make him stop these foul accusations?"

"His line of question is legal, madam."

"In my own defense, Mrs. Lincoln, I must say I am making no accusations. I am trying to establish a family relationship. You once loved your son—now there is a wall between you. What made that wall, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I don't know," choked Mary Lincoln.

"It was testified by William Wooster, the witness with one limb, that your son was a shirker. Is this true?"

"I told you once before what I thought of that man. No, Mr. Swett, my son was not a shirker."

Arnold addressed the court. "Your Honor, I submit that Mr. Swett is purposely leading my witness into ill-considered statements."

"The court holds that the attorney's questions are germane to the subject."

"Mrs. Lincoln," continued Swett triumphantly, "did your son lounge around headquarters while other boys his age died on the battlefield?"

"He didn't 'lounge around headquarters,' as you call it, and he didn't buy hay from the North and sell it to the South."

"Cease your insinuations, Mrs. Lincoln," said the judge. "The court will remind you that Mr. Swett is not on trial."

"He should be," said Mary.

"Cease," said the judge sternly.

"I'll cease when he stops his lies."

"I protest," said Swett in an injured tone, "that I am telling no lies."

"You lied about the hay, and you lied about the quicksilver mine in California."

"Mrs. Lincoln," said the judge severely, "you are doing your case a grave injustice."

"The way things are going, I haven't a case."

"You have, Mrs. Lincoln. It hasn't been established that you are mentally ill, and it will not be so established until the jury brings in its verdict."

"I pray to God they'll set me free!" cried Mary. "I don't want to go behind bars."

Robert was so moved that he got up and came toward his mother, suffering on his face. "Mother," he choked, "I could not help it. You'll be better off."

She stood looking intently at him for some moments, then turned from him and walked slowly to her seat.

When it came time for Arnold to make his appeal to the jury, he did so with deep feeling. "Mrs. Lincoln has been hated and reviled more than any other woman who has ever been in the White House. She was called an Abolitionist by the South, and a Secessionist by the North. She has walked the floor many nights and has suffered many physical ills, and has, as you know, lost her husband and three sons. And now, without even an hour's warning, she has been hauled out of her hotel and thrust into this courtroom. What has been testified against her? That she believed she found poison in her coffee in Florida. That she thought her son was ill and

hastened to him. That she saw smoke coming out of a chimney and said that Chicago might have another fire. That she talked through walls. That she spent too much money. That she 'pecked' at her food. That she thought men were following her. And now comes a blow to this loving, bewildered mother: her son wants to place her in an insane asylum."

The trial moved along; at last this part was over, and the jury went out.

## *Chapter 10*

AT times Mary Lincoln seemed keenly alive to everything that was going on; at other times she did not appear to realize what was taking place. One thing, however, was evident, and this was that she did not want to talk to Robert. But now, as they waited for the verdict, he came toward her.

"Mother, won't you speak to me?"

"Robert, tell me that you did this because you were advised by others."

"I consulted others, as I wanted to be sure that I was doing the right thing."

" 'The right thing'!" she repeated bitterly.

"Father knew you had money obsessions."

"But he didn't think I was insane. He depended on my judgment in many things."

"Not in money matters."

"Sometimes he said that I was the most economical woman he had ever known. Robert, if the court gives you my money, what are you going to do with it?"

"Keep it till you recover."

"Do you think I'll recover in an insane asylum?"

"You'll have rest and care."

"Behind iron bars?"

Robert was silent, brought up against reality.

They continued to talk, but could not come together in understanding.

"When I looked at you on the stand," said Mary, "I could hardly believe that you were once our blue-eyed, brown-haired, adored little Bobbie. I kept saying to myself, 'It's all a nightmare.' Your father used to have nightmares, and I would have to waken him. But there's no wakening from this."

"Four of our friends advised me, and six doctors have testified it would be for the best. What else was I to do? There was no one to take care of you."

"Since your father died, I've learned to take care of myself."

"I was doing what I thought was for the best."

Ten minutes had passed since the jury had gone out—a suspiciously brief time—and now the jury was coming back. Mary watched them, studying each face.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have, Your Honor," said the foreman.

"Has it been signed by the entire panel?"

"It has, Your Honor."

"Please read it."

The foreman read:

"State of Illinois, County of Cook, *S.S.:* We the undersigned, jurors in the case of Mary Lincoln, having heard the evidence adduced, are satisfied that the said Mary Lincoln is insane, and is a fit person to be sent to the state hospital for the insane; that she is a resident of the County of Cook, in the state of Illinois; that her age is fifty-six years; that her disease is of unknown duration; that the cause is unknown; that the disease is not hereditary."

The foreman paused, for the next line on the printed form had been crossed out. The words read: "That she is free from vermin, or any infectious disease."

After a moment's delay, he continued:

"That she is not subject to epilepsy; that she does not manifest homicidal, or suicidal, tendencies, and that she is not a pauper."

The foreman again paused, sent a glance at Mrs. Lincoln, then began to read again:

"Whereupon from the verdict aforesaid, it is considered and adjudged by the court that the said Mary Lincoln be admitted to a state hospital for the insane, and it is further ordered that a summons be issued to the said Mary Lincoln commanding her to appear before this court and show cause, if any, why a conservator should not be appointed to manage and control her estate."

"Mrs. Lincoln," said the judge, when the foreman had finished, "you have heard the verdict. Have you anything to say in your behalf?"

The broken woman shook her head.

"Will you please answer aloud for the court records?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Mrs. Lincoln, it becomes my painful duty to enter your name on the Lunatic Record, County of Cook, page five hundred ninety-six, as insane, and this I now, as prescribed by law, do."

"Is it all over?" asked Mary weakly.

"There is one more matter, Mrs. Lincoln—the matter of the conservator of your funds."

"I've saved my funds for my old age, and I do not want to give them up," said Mary in a low voice.

"You will have to, Mrs. Lincoln, whether you choose to or not," said the judge as kindly as he could.

"It will be for the best, Mother," said Robert.

She looked at him as if trying to understand him, and there seemed to be in her mind the question: How can a mother have three sons near and dear to her, and another son a stranger?

"Mrs. Lincoln," said the judge as she hesitated, "you will have to surrender your funds. That is a court order. If you do not, of your own volition, deliver the funds, I shall send for the court matron and have her remove them from your possession."

She looked from the judge to Robert, and back again, trying to decide what to do. "To whom shall I deliver them?"

"To your son."

Fresh pain came to her face. Getting up, she went behind a screen, and there began to work at her clothes. In a few moments she returned with a bundle of bonds and securities. Robert waited, expecting to receive them, but she walked past him and handed them to Arnold.

Robert sat silent; blood came to his face.

"Cast up the value of the funds," ordered the judge. The sum amounted to fifty-six thousand dollars. "You will, Mr. Lincoln, give your mother a receipt for the amount."

Mary Lincoln was still in a daze, so fast, so confusedly had it all happened. Now and then she glanced at Robert, then away.

"We'll take you home," said Robert. "To your hotel," he added hastily.

Robert and Arnold got into a carriage and drove silently through the streets, arriving finally at the drab hotel.

"Tomorrow I'll take you to the Bellevue Place Asylum," said Robert.

"How do you know you can get me in?" asked Mary Lincoln, still thinking slowly and uncertainly.

"It has been arranged."

"Before the trial?"

"The man who runs the asylum was in the courtroom and heard all the testimony."

Mrs. Lincoln began to weep, repeating over and over, "If only Abraham were here!"

Word from those who had testified had spread, and now the hotel help came to stare at her. She hurried past, her eyes down.

When the three got to her room, she went to the framed picture and looked at it, her lips moving silently. "What is next?" she asked aloud.

"I'll come for you tomorrow," said Robert.

The two men left, and Mary was alone. A few minutes later her spirits were lifted by the entrance of Fern. As Mary told what had happened, Fern wept; at last she left, and now Mary was, indeed, alone. Suppertime came, and she went down to the dining room, but neither Mr. Gage nor Mr. Turner was there, and John, the waiter, had been moved to another table. She ate in the same despondent mood, then left, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

She remained about half an hour in her room, then got up, put on her hat and went to the drugstore in the hotel building, run by Frank Squier.

"I'm suffering from neuralgia in my right arm, and I want to get a bottle of laudanum and camphor."

The druggist knew her and suspected that all was not as it should be. "Can you come back for it?"

"Yes."

She went slowly out.

The druggist's suspicions, now completely aroused, made him follow her. She went to the Rogers & Smith Drugstore, on the corner of Adams and Clark streets, and asked for fifty

cents' worth of laudanum. Squier signaled secretly to the druggist, who said, "We're out. But we'll have some next week."

"I want it tonight."

Squier suspected that she would not give up her quest, and hurried to the Dale Drugstore, on Clark Street, told Mr. Dale what was happening, then stepped out of sight.

In a few moments Mrs. Lincoln came in. "I'm suffering from neuralgia in my arm and want an ounce and a half of laudanum and an ounce and a half of camphor, in separate bottles. I'll mix them myself."

"We do not sell laudanum retail," said Mr. Dale.

She stood for a moment, trying to think her way through this, then turned and walked out.

Anticipating her next move, Squier hurried back to his own drugstore, and soon she entered. "Have you got it ready?"

"I'll have it in a moment," he said, and busied himself behind the partition. "I've mixed them myself."

She took the bottle with a look of gratefulness, placed it in her little black bag and started to her hotel. When she got to her room, she put on a dressing wrapper, swallowed the contents of the bottle and turned out the gas.

Nausea overcame her, and she believed the end had come. However, she began to recover and lay waiting for another seizure.

What she didn't know was that Squier had made up a harmless mixture of burnt sugar, camphor and filtered water. Then he had written on the label:

*LAUDANUM & CAMPHOR*
*POISON*

The seizure did not come. She dressed and went back to Squier. She told him the pain had become unbearable and that she must have another bottle. He said that the laudanum had been taken to the basement and locked up for the night. A look of defeat came into her face, and, turning, she walked slowly out.

In the meantime Squier had told Turner, the manager of the hotel, what was happening, and Turner had sent a messenger to Robert Todd Lincoln, who soon arrived. When she saw him, she began to weep.

The night passed.

The next morning, preparations were begun for Robert to take her to Batavia, a distance of thirty-five miles. Fern helped. Mary talked to her more freely than she did to Robert. Now and then, she glanced at Robert.

Robert was appalled when he found that his mother had six trunks and that she wanted them with her. "Why do you want to take them?" he asked.

"I want to have them," was all she could say.

"What's in them?"

"Things I've bought."

The work of packing was completed. The trunks were roped and marked for delivery, and Robert and his mother went to the railroad station, and soon were on the train, where she took a seat by herself.

The man from the asylum, who had been at the trial, met them at the depot with a carriage and driver. He was the owner of the asylum, and his name was Richard J. Patterson. He was licensed to practice as a doctor, but in reality was a businessman. He had been medical superintendent of the Indiana State Hospital for the Insane, and of the Iowa Insane Asylum. Now he had come to Illinois.

It was a pleasant drive through the attractive little town;

they came to the grounds at the head of Union Avenue. The carriage continued to roll through long, sweeping, tree-lined driveways until it arrived at a grim, three-story building arranged to house thirty inmates.

"Is this it?" asked Mary.

Dr. Patterson said it was.

He prettily called the asylum "Bellevue Retreat."

Mary was taken to her room on the second floor. The windows were barred; the door was to be locked at night. Adjoining was the room of an attendant who was to keep the key to Mary's room.

Time came for Robert to leave, but he delayed; to tell his mother good-by was more difficult than he had expected.

Word had spread through the building that Mary was there, and the inmates crowded about.

"They want to see a lunatic," she said.

So deep was her humiliation that she kept out of sight as much as she could. She had her meals brought to her room, where she ate alone. But she did not keep a light burning at night, for a little of her self-confidence had returned.

Her trunks arrived; this seemed to give her self-assurance. She had no space for them, so they were taken to a storage room. This was satisfactory, for she knew where they were, and they could be part of her life—something left to cling to.

In time her sensitiveness began to wear off. She went to the general dining room, but took a seat away from the others.

She walked through the pleasant grounds. This became monotonous, and she began to ride in the asylum's carriage along with the other inmates. An attendant, however, was always with her. The two established a basis of friendly understanding. This grew, and finally Mary and the attendant drove to Aurora, where Mary, the old urge returning, bought needless things.

Two weeks passed; then word was brought that Robert was there. She said for him to come to her room, and hastily arranged her shabby dress. In a few moments he was at the door—tall and slender and bearded.

"How are you, Mother?"

"Where is little Mary?"

Robert said unhappily, "It was decided not to bring her."

The two talked, ill at ease in each other's presence. They walked about the grounds, but the conversation lagged. Finally he left, and she returned to her barred room.

The other inmates tried to talk to her, but she would have nothing to do with them. This was not because she believed herself to be superior, but because she was sensitive and felt the humiliation of having once been important and now under lock and key.

She determined to get out of the asylum, and started to write letters, at first to old friends, then to important men and women who might be of help. Her letters were well written and recounted the shameful way she had been forced into the asylum. She said that her son had been the cause, and declared that he had done this act from improper motives. This wasn't true, for Robert had acted for the best, as he saw it. Nearly always, in her letters, she said that her money had been taken from her and that she was destitute. The latter was not true either, for Robert gave her money, which she spent without reserve, then worried because it was gone. She bought dolls and put them in her trunks. She said they were for little Mary.

She began to talk with the other inmates, mostly about "my three sons."

She continued to write letters. She had a gift for it, and she made the most of it.

Word spread that Robert had put his mother in the insane

asylum to get her money. This affected his sensitive nature, and he grew non-communicative.

He tried to hide the true situation between him and his mother by writing letters in which he said that he and his mother were on excellent terms and that she did not seem to realize where she was. She realized all too well and determined more firmly than ever to get out.

Among the people she wrote to were Judge and Mrs. James B. Bradwell, whom she had known for some years. She recounted what had happened and wrote so emotionally of her present condition that they decided to come to see their old friend. And there, in that barred room on the second floor, they found her with a candle burning against the dark. She told in detail what had happened at the unsavory trial. They drew her onto other subjects. She spoke well; her mind was clear; her judgment, good. They were surprised by how much she knew about politics and national affairs.

The Bradwells became convinced that she was normal, except on two or three topics. They discussed international affairs and found she had a fairly good concept of such tangled matters. But the moment she got on the shooting of Abraham, the perfidy of her son, the need of having possessions around her, she was a mentally disturbed person.

The trial had attracted national attention, but that sharp emotional interest had passed, and people were now asking whether the trial had been fair. She was eccentric, but was she so badly twisted that she should be behind bars? After all, in the White House, she had met the world's commanding figures and had been received as a forthright woman.

Judge Bradwell became her spokesman and helped present her case. Ministers took up the matter and preached sermons about how she was being treated. Newspapers mentioned her incarceration and commented on the quick way she had been

rushed into an institution. Criticism began to rise like a tide. So much attention was being directed upon her that Dr. Patterson wrote a defensive letter and had it published in the papers. She was improving "under care," he said; she had many "privileges"; among them, he cited, she could ride in the asylum carriage; and she could eat with the family, if she wished. She did not wish.

Judge Bradwell called on Dr. Patterson, who by this time was quite willing to have her out of his establishment, and persuaded him not to oppose her release from his Retreat. The person who was most active in this attempt at removal was Ninian W. Edwards, the husband of Mary's sister Elizabeth. Both he and Elizabeth had opposed Mary's marriage to Lincoln. The Edwardses were aristocrats; Abe Lincoln was a gangling creature who wanted to be a lawyer. That unfair point of view had passed. Mary loved her grotesque-looking husband. He had made an excellent President and had, as Mary said, given up his life for his country as truly as a soldier on the battlefield. And now Ninian W. Edwards threw his influence into the matter of getting Mary "released in custody." Robert approved of this, for he was growing more and more uncomfortable about his mother's detention in the asylum.

When Ninian brought her the good news, she sat for some moments without speaking. "Did Robert do this for me?"

"He helped."

Her face lighted up.

She went among the other inmates, telling them she was going to leave and giving them presents of the things she had bought.

Robert came to accompany her on the train. Her feeling of appreciation for the help she believed he had given, had cooled. Her deep-down resentment had returned.

"It's about time," she said harshly. "How is little Mary?"

"She asks about you."

"Does she understand where I am?"

"No." The packing-up was going forward. Robert gazed at the collection of trunks that had been brought from the storeroom, ten now in all. "Why do you want to take them with you?"

"I want to have them near me," said his mother.

The asylum carriage pulled up. The inmates came to watch.

"Good-by," she called with a tender note in her voice, and got into the carriage.

When they got on the train, the two took seats together.

At last the train arrived in Springfield. She looked eagerly out the window. Home at last! Home where she had spent her happiest days . . . The very streets she had walked with Abraham . . .

Ninian and Elizabeth were there to meet them, and now, as Mary put her arms around her sister, she sobbed openly.

There was a stiffness between Robert and the Edwardses, but the thing was to get Mary to her new home and to try to make her happy. It was not long before Mary was in another room on another floor, no bars now, only love and kindness. Robert found that he must hurry back to Chicago, and, that evening, he left.

A lighter spirit moved through her. She was with her now-beloved sister, but she was also under supervision of the court and was still a "lunatic." She was tremendously sensitive about this—she who had once been the nation's first lady. The townspeople came to stare at the house and at her window. The room, said the people, contained a madwoman.

The first curiosity of the townspeople passed. Mary began to adjust to this new life. And as she did so, she again felt

bitter toward Robert. After all, he had decided she should be brought to court. She wrote an exceedingly harsh letter. "Robert T. Lincoln," she began in the formal way she sometimes opened a letter, "I want my possessions returned. I am now in constant receipt of letters from my friends denouncing you in the bitterest terms. Six letters from prominent, respectable Chicago people such as you do not associate with. Two clergymen have offered up public prayer for me. Trust not to the belief that Mrs. Edwards' tongue has not been rancorous against you and she has maintained to the very last that you dared venture into her house and our presence . . . Send all that I have written for, you have tried your game of robbery long enough."

Meanwhile, Robert continued to give out that he and his mother were on good terms.

She continued to write him, demanding that he return her money. But he could not do this, for she was legally insane, and he was under court orders. He tried to put on a bold face to the world. His mother was recovering, he said.

There in that room on the second floor, lit by candles, the little lady continued to write to all who might be able to help her. These letters went to everybody—friends, court officials, even to people she had never met. No mental aberration showed. In addition, the powerful Ninian W. Edwards moved in her favor.

The protest grew louder. Newspapers took it up. And now, with this backing, Ninian Edwards went to Chicago to see Robert Lincoln and proposed that there be some kind of legal action. Robert Lincoln was glad, indeed, that some step might be taken to quiet the demands.

Ninian came home with good news. "Mrs. Lincoln," he said, "we think it is best to have another trial. This can be arranged, and I think you can be set free."

Her face lighted up, then fell away. "I could not go through it again."

Ninian Edwards again visited Robert, and the matter was gone into once more. They could have a trial without Mrs. Lincoln's being present, it was decided. After all, she was still legally insane. The wheels started to move. Swett was consulted. He would not protest; indeed he would approve of the trial, he declared. He would be glad to do this in the memory of his long-time friend Abe Lincoln.

Judge Wallace was consulted. Why, yes, Mary Lincoln should have another trial; he would be glad to preside. After all, the nation owed something to the widow of such a great President.

# *Chapter 11*

ON the morning of July 15, 1876, the Second Trial for Mary Todd Lincoln took place, in Chicago, in the same room, with the same judge, but there was one startling change. There was no Isaac N. Arnold to defend her. The defender now was Leonard T. Swett.

A jury was scrabbled together, with Dr. R. M. Paddock as the medical juryman, as was demanded by Illinois law. Present in the courtroom was another doctor, Dr. T. W. Dresser, son of the man who had married Mary and Abraham Lincoln. He was a stand-by doctor and was not called on the jury. The names of the jurors were: D. J. Weatherhead, S. F. Knowles, Cyrus Gleason, W. I. Heron, D. Kimball, R. F. Wild, William G. Lyon, C. H. Chapin, W. Dahl, W. S. Dunham, William Roberts.

The petition presented to the court was as follows:

> State of Illinois, Cook County—in the County Court—to the June term, A.D. 1876—to the Honorable M. R. M. Wallace, judge of the County Court, of the County of Cook, State of Illinois . . .
>
> Your petitioner, Mary Lincoln, respectfully represents

unto Your Honor that on the 14th day of June, at the June term of court, in and for said County, that Robert Lincoln, whom your petitioner prays may be made defendant to the petition, was appointed under the provisions of Chapter 86 of the revised statutes of the said State, now in force, her conservator. Your petitioner showeth to Your Honor that she is a proper person to have the care and management of her own estate. Your petitioner, therefore, prays that the said conservator be removed and that Your Honor may enter an order fully restoring her to all rights and privileges enjoyed by her before said conservator was appointed and that her said conservator may be required to return to her all the money, estate, title, pension papers, United States bonds, leases, with which he is chargeable as her conservator.

MARY LINCOLN.

Ninian W. Edwards was the first witness and testified as follows:

"Mrs. Lincoln has been with me nine or ten months, and her friends all think she is a proper person to take charge of her own affairs. She has not spent all she was allowed to spend during the last year, and we all think she is in a condition to take charge of her own affairs."

He was quoting what other people said, which, at the first trial, would have caused shouts, but now was all right. Anything this fine morning was all right.

The case was given to the jury, and the jury clumped out as it had before. In no time at all it was back with a filled-in blank, signed by the jurors:

"State of Illinois, Cook County, County Court. We, the undersigned jurors in the case wherein Mary Lincoln, who

Chicago June 15th 1876

State of Illinois } County Court of
Cook County } Cook County

We the undersigned jurors in the case wherein Mary Lincoln who was heretofore found to be unsane and who is now alleged to be restored to reason having heard the evidence in said cause, find that the said Mary Lincoln is restored to reason and is capable to manage and control her estate

R. M. Paddock M.D
D. J. Heatherhead
S. F. Knowles
Cyrus Gleason
W. L. Hevor
D. Kimball
R. F. Wild
Wm G. Tyson
C. H. Chapin
H. Dahl
W. S. Dunham
Wm Roberts

was found to be insane and who, now, is alleged to be restored to reason, having heard the evidence in said case, do find her capable to manage and control her estate."

The selection of the jurors took more time than the trying of the case. And now Mary was no longer a "lunatic."

Robert Todd Lincoln filed a scrupulously honest report, along with the inventory of his mother's property. There are five legal-size pages,* giving in detail the various expenditures. One item of special interest is that he paid the detectives $151, plus $64 for board at the hotel out of his mother's money.

Another item of interest is the amount of money that he paid out for his mother's trunks. Here is a listing:

*May 29.* Paid storage on three trunks at Safe Depository 3.30
*May 29.* Paid American Express Co. bringing trunks from Milwaukee 17.00
*June 8.* Paid trunk from Hotel to Safe Depository 1.00
*June 22.* Paid for express charges and storage on trunk from Batavia 2.40
*Sept. 16.* Paid express charges on trunk from Springfield 1.15
*Sept. 16.* Paid express charges on two trunks from Batavia 2.25
*Oct. 1.* Paid Fidelity Safety Depository for storage on trunks 50.00

Robert had gone from doctor to doctor getting advice. He seems to have had doubts of what he had done to his mother.

* See Appendix.

The doctors did not go to see his mother, for she was in Batavia. Seemingly he went to the medical men to talk with them about his mother. The papers he submitted to the court show the following:

*June 2.* Paid Dr. H. A. Johnson for professional service in consultation 15.00
*July 7.* Paid Dr. N. S. Davis for professional services in consultation 50.00
*July 13.* Paid Dr. R. N. Isham for professional services in consulation 50.00
*July 23.* Paid Dr. J. S. Jewell for professional services in consultation 15.00
*July 24.* Paid Dr. C. G. Smith for professional services in consultation 15.00

One doctor, however, did go to see Mrs. Lincoln, for the record shows:

*Sept. 8.* Paid Dr. A. McFarland for professional services and expenses in going from Jacksonville, Illinois, to Batavia 100.00

A great deal of money was paid to Ninian W. Edwards for the care of Mrs. Lincoln. From September 13, 1875, to June 7, 1876, the amount was $4,599.28.

Strange items appear. One would seem to indicate that Mrs. Lincoln had a music box to entertain her, for on November 18, 1875, this item appears:

Paid Matson account repairing Musical Box 6.00

And this:

*September 9, 1875.* Paid several telegrams in arranging for visit to Springfield 1.92
*September 10 & 11.* Paid expenses of Mrs. Lincoln and myself going to Springfield and my return 36.30

When Ninian returned to Springfield, Mary asked eagerly what had happened at the trial, and he told her.

"I'm glad I didn't have to go through it," she said. "When do I get my money back?"

"Right away. The court order has gone through."

Her spirits rose. Maybe, now, she could make up with Robert. After all, he had been her Bobbie. She could never forget that.

"I want to see him," she said, more tenderly than she had yet spoken of him. "Ask him to come to see me."

He did come, but after the first glow she retreated into her old attitude, and again the two tried to understand each other.

She again walked the streets of Springfield, but people stared at her. "I cannot endure to meet my former friends," she said. "They will never cease to regard me as a lunatic. I feel it in their soothing manner. If I should say the moon is made of green cheese, they would heartily and smilingly agree with me."

Even when some of her old friends seemed genuinely delighted to see her, she still felt they were merely being kind. She wanted to go where no one would know of her stigma, and so she decided to go to France, where she could speak the language. She had been managing her own financial affairs, but she must have somebody at home to look after them. She chose Jacob Bunn, of Springfield, and now, as soon as she could arrange it, sailed for Pau, where she moved into a small

*pension.* She did not reveal her identity. She improved and became more spirited. Many of the people who talked to her, without knowing who she was, were impressed by her quick mind and her wide range of political information. They felt she had been a person of importance, but what this was they did not know. Nor did she reveal her secret.

She liked to travel from one town to another; she went to Germany; she moved here and there; but her religion was so strong within her that she would not travel on Sunday. Her great letter-writing urge returned to her, and she sent off many letters, but none to Robert. She wrote ninety to Bunn, asking intelligent questions and offering suggestions as to the handling of her affairs. Not one letter showed any mental cloudiness.

The months passed.

Always she came back to Pau. But bad luck put its cold hand on her. She mounted a stepladder to hang a picture. Suddenly she toppled and fell. She had difficulty getting up; a pain persisted. A French doctor was brought, who said she had injured her spine. This proved to be true. A slow, dull pain came and stayed with her.

She still traveled; she still went about; she still returned to Pau, where she felt secure. She grew more lonely and thought of home. She had days of spending, and she had days of pinching. And she had days of wanting to have somebody to protect her. Could Robert do that? . . .

She liked to read American papers, but there were few of them. One day she got from the newsstand a weekly published in Paris, the *American Register.* Suddenly she lighted up. There was an article advocating the nomination of Robert Todd Lincoln for President. She was delighted. A Lincoln again in the White House! If elected, she could help him as she had Abraham.

Because she had become homesick and wanted to see the friends she had run away from, she decided to return. After four years abroad, she sailed October 16, 1880, on the French Line steamer *L'Amérique*. She had not told Robert she was coming. On the ship was the French actress Sarah Bernhardt, just then the rage. Mrs. Lincoln was at the head of a companionway and started to topple down it, but Bernhardt's hand shot out, caught her and steadied her.

"You should be careful, madame," said the helpful Sarah. "You might have been killed."

"It was not God's will," said Mrs. Lincoln.

When the ship arrived in New York, there was a crowd to meet it. People were shouting the name of Sarah Bernhardt. It was an exciting welcome to the popular Sarah. Mrs. Lincoln went down the gangplank unnoticed.

Her grandnephew met her—"Lewis" Baker. His full name was Edward Lewis Baker, Junior, but he was called Lewis. He was seventeen years old, a fine young man, indeed a perfect young man, in her eyes. He took her back to Springfield to the Edwardses.

"Now I'm home," she said, and wept openly.

She was soon in her room on the second floor. The trip had been hard, she said.

Robert heard she was there and came to visit her, bringing with him something that would melt his mother's heart—little Mary. And now, as Mary Lincoln rejoiced and wept with Robert, she promised to forgive and forget. But the promise was too quickly made. That same day, Robert took the child and went away, now to Washington, where he was in politics. But he did not take understanding with him. A short time afterward he wrote, "She thinks she is ill. My own judgment is that some part of her trouble is imaginary."

She began to complain, saying that she didn't feel well.

She had diabetes, but didn't know it. She was subject to boils, was losing weight and had what she called "continual running waters" and "bloating." She hesitated to go to a doctor, for again the obsession of poverty came over her. After persuasion from her sister, Mary picked up and went to New York to take "treatments." She took what were called "medical baths" at a health emporium on West 26th Street; she lived nearby alone in a small furnished room and went out to the restaurants in the neighborhood for her meals. Her step was growing slower, and her eyes, weaker, but a reporter who came to see her found no weakness of mind.

Her financial worry was unexpectedly taken care of in January, 1882, when Congress raised her pension from three thousand dollars a year to five. In addition, it voted her a gift of fifteen thousand dollars. She accepted it gratefully, but not delightedly. She returned to Springfield and to her old room. She asked that the curtains be drawn. She sat in an invalid's chair, a small, wasted, wan figure, her face no longer plump, and her hair gray. She talked about the past and referred to Abraham. The shadows in her mind deepened. She had more interest in those who had "gone ahead."

In July she said, "I want to walk across the floor and look out the window." She was helped, and she peered dimly out. It was her last trip. That evening she became paralyzed and could speak only with the greatest difficulty. She passed into unconsciousness and died at sunset Sunday evening, July 16, 1882, at the age of sixty-four.

Two days later her coffin was wheeled into the parlor, the very room where she and Abraham had been married.

The funeral was held in the First Presbyterian Church, where she and Lincoln had had their pew. Among those present was James C. Conkling, who once had described Mary as

"the very creature of excitement." She was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, in Springfield.

Life had to be readjusted in the Edwards home. One of the problems was the trunks in the storeroom; they were so heavy that the floor had sunk. When they were opened, purchases were found in their original wrapping paper. The clothes, curtains, silks and brocades were given to members of the family and to friends, finally to disappear.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN became even more aloof and unapproachable. His political hopes were still part of his life, but after the trial the leaders in the Republican party agreed that it would mean defeat to try to nominate him, and so he was dropped. But he did become U. S. Secretary of War under Garfield, and U. S. Minister to England under President Harrison. His chief concern, however, was with corporate interests, and he became president of the Pullman Company. It was pointed out that Abraham Lincoln loved the common people, but that his son loved big business. As he grew older, he became even more unapproachable and unbending. He moved to Manchester, New Hampshire, where he saw only a few people. He played golf with elderly friends, talked politics, but never mentioned his mother. He died in 1926, at the age of eighty-three. In his will he left a great stack of Lincoln papers, which was not to be opened until twenty-five years after his death. When this was done there proved to be 18,000 items—not one mentioned the trial.

LYMAN J. GAGE rose in the world until he became Secretary of the Treasury under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. He lived to a hearty old age—until he was almost ninety-one —and died at Point Loma, California, in 1927. He never let it be known that he had served on the jury. When he died,

the Chicago *Tribune* ran a full column giving the details of his life, but so successfully had he hidden this part that the paper did not mention his having been on the jury.

LEONARD T. SWETT died June 9, 1889, seven years after Mrs. Lincoln's death. The Chicago *Tribune* paid him the compliment of running a column-length editorial praising him as a fine and useful citizen of Chicago. It neglected to mention that he had helped send Mary Lincoln to an insane asylum.

# Appendix

## Disbursements

For various expenses preliminary to and connected with the application to this Court for Letters of Conservatorship, as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| May 1875 | 21 | Paid various servants at Grand Pacific Hotel for special services to Mrs Lincoln — No voucher | $20 00 | |
| " | 27 | Paid A. Pinkerton for services and expenses of special attendant for three weeks — Voucher No 2. | 151 00 | |
| June | 2 | Paid A. J. Wright for carriages used on May 19th & 20th 1875. — Voucher No 6 | 8 00 | |
| " | 2 | Paid Dr H. A. Johnson for professional services in consultation. — Voucher No 7 | 15 00 | |
| " | 8 | Paid for board at Grand Pacific Hotel of special attendant for three weeks. Voucher No 9. | 64 00 | |
| " | 9 | Paid for statutory notice in Inter Ocean Voucher on file | 1 60 | |
| " | 11 | Paid Sheriff for summons. — Voucher on file | 1 00 | |
| July | 7 | Paid Dr N. S. Davis for professional services in consultation. — Voucher No 17 | 50 00 | |
| " | 13 | Paid Dr R. N. Isham for professional services in consultation. — Voucher No 19. | 50 00 | |
| " | 23 | Paid Dr J. C. Jewell for professional services in consultation. — Voucher No 24 | 15 00 | |
| " | 24 | Paid Dr C. B. Smith for professional services in consultation. — Voucher No 31 | 15 00 | 390 60 |

For expenses on trunks mentioned in Inventory

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| May 1875 | 29 | Paid storage on three trunks at Safe Depository. — Voucher No 4 | 3 30. | |
| " | 29 | Paid American Ex. Co. bringing trunks from Milwaukee, — Voucher No 5 | 17 00 | |
| June | 8 | Paid trunk from Hotel to Safe Depository. — No voucher | 1 00 | |
| | | Carried forward | 21 30 | 390 60 |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 | | Brought forward | $21 30 | $390 66 |
| June | 22 | Paid for express charges and storage on trunk from Batavia. – Voucher № 10 | 240 | |
| Sept. | 16 | Paid express charges on trunk from Springfield. – No voucher | 1 15 | |
| " | 16 | Paid express charges on two trunks from Batavia. – No voucher | 2 25 | |
| Oct- | 1 | Paid Fidelity Safety Depository for storage of trunks. – Voucher № 26 | 50 00 | 77 10 |

For expenses of Mrs Lincoln's sojourn at Batavia, Illinois, as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 | | | | |
| May | 22 | Paid Dr R. J. Patterson, Board &c. on ⅌ Voucher № 1 | 100 00 | |
| " | 29 | Paid Allen & Mackey for bedding &c. Voucher № 3 | 52 00 | |
| July. | 1 | Paid Dr RJ Patterson, Board &c. Voucher № 15 | 163 56 | |
| Aug | 3 | Paid Dr R. J. Patterson, Board &c. Voucher № 32 | 176 00 | |
| Sept: | 2 | Paid Dr R. J. Patterson, Board &c Voucher № 34 | 172 66 | |
| Oct- | 1 | Paid Dr R. J. Patterson, Board &c. Voucher № 37 | 65 17 | 729 39 |

For expenses attending Mrs Lincoln leaving Batavia, and visiting her sister Mrs N. W. Edwards, at Springfield, Ills. as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 | | | | |
| Sept-6/9 | | Paid several telegrams in arranging for a consultation of Dr McDill of Madison, Wis. Dr McFarland of Jacksonville, Ills. & Dr Patterson as to propriety and safety of the visit: – No voucher | 241₀₀ | |
| " | 8 | Paid Dr A. McFarland for professional services and expenses in going from Jacksonville, Ills. to Batavia, to visit Mrs Lincoln. – Voucher № 35 | 100 00 | |
| | | Carried forward, | $102 41. | $1197 09 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought forward | 102 11 | 1197 09 |
| 1875 Sept. 9 | Paid several Telegrams in arranging for visit to Springfield. No voucher | 1 92 | |
| " 10/11 | Paid expenses of Mrs Lincoln and myself going to Springfield and my return. No voucher | 36 30 | 140 63 |

For expenses attending the sending of Amanda from Batavia to Springfield as attendant on Mrs. Lincoln, as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 Sept. 17 | Paid telegram in arranging for her journey. — No voucher | 80 | |
| " 17 | Paid carriage and express for baggage. — No voucher | 3 00 | |
| " 17 | Paid R. R. ticket and sleeping car No voucher | 8 60 | 12 40 |

For expenses of Mrs Lincoln during her visit and sojourn at Springfield, Ills. being money sent Hon. N. W. Edwards, and by him given to Mrs. Lincoln, to be expended by her for her comfort and support.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 Sept. | 18 | Paid check to order of Hon N. W. Edwards, as above | # 100 00 | |
| " | 21 | " " " " " " " " | " 150 00 | |
| Oct. | 20 | " " " " " " " " | " 150 00 | |
| " | 20 | " " " " " " " " | " 150 00 | |
| Nov | 9 | " " " " " " " " | " 150 00 | |
| " | 9 | " " " " " " " " | " 150 00 | |
| " | 29 | " " " " " " " " | " 100 00 | |
| | | Above items in voucher No 41 | | |
| Dec. | 6 | Paid check to order of Hon N. W. Edwards, Voucher No 42 | 300 00 | |
| 1876 Jan | 3 | " " " " " " " " " " | 45 600 00 | |
| Feb | 1 | " " " " " " " " " " | 47 321 25 | |
| Mar | 6 | " " " " " " " " " " | 49 875 00 | |
| Apr | 1 | " " " " " " " " " " | 50 125 00 | |
| May | 1 | " " " " " " " " " " | 52 153 03 | |
| June | 5 | " " " " " " " " " " | 53 875 00 | |
| " | 7 | " " " " " " " " " " | 54 100 00 | 4599 28 |
| | | Carried forward | | # 5949 40 |

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Brought forward | | | | $5949 40 |
| | | | For miscellaneous indebtedness of Mrs Lincoln, at Chicago, incurred prior to May 19th 1876, as follows: | | | | |
| June | 8 | Paid | Grand Pacific Hotel, Board bill. Voucher No 8 | | | $11 50 | |
| " | 24 | " | Jansen, McClurg & Co. | " | 11 | 22 10 | |
| " | 25 | " | Hesse, Cooke & Co. | " | 12 | 10 00 | |
| " | 25 | " | Hadley Bros. & Co. | " | 13 | 12 75 | |
| " | 25 | " | Chas Gossage & Co | " | 14 | 630 27 | |
| July | 6 | " | J. Gray, | " | 16 | 55 00 | |
| " | 8 | " | Wilson Bros. & Co. | " | 18 | 21 45 | |
| " | 19 | " | Buck & Rayner, | " | 21 | 26 00 | |
| " | 23 | " | Field, Leiter & Co. | " | 22 | 5 50 | |
| " | 23 | " | Vergho, Rubling & Co. | " | 23 | 7 00 | |
| " | 23 | " | M. Glassbrook, | " | 25 | 10 75 | |
| " | 23 | " | L. W. & E Partridge, | " | 26 | 8 50 | |
| " | 23 | " | John B. Mayo & Co. | " | 27 | 5 00 | |
| " | 23 | " | Bishop & Barnes, | " | 28 | 15 00 | |
| " | 23 | " | J. P. Sharp, | " | 29 | 19 00 | |
| " | 23 | " | C. J. Hopson & Co. | " | 30 | 45 00 | |
| Aug | 12 | " | L. M. Cobb & Co. | " | 33 | 4 00 | |
| Nov | 13 | " | Frank Agnair | " | 39 | 75 | 904 87 |
| Nov | 18 | Paid | Matson account repairing Musical Box. — Voucher No 40 | | | 6 00 | 6 00 |
| Dec | 13 | Paid | Clerks costs to date in County Court. Voucher No 43 | | | 10 70 | 10 70 |
| | | | For investment in United States Registered Bonds, due after Dec. 31st 1880, bearing 6% interest in gold. Purchased through Preston & Kean, Bankers & registered in name, Mrs Mary Lincoln. Interest payable at Chicago. — As follows: | | | | |
| July | 16 | | Series of 1870. No 11141. Par value | | | 1 000 00 | |
| | | | Premium on same at 1 22⅝ | | | 223 75 | |
| | | | Series of 1870. No 11142. Par value | | | 1 000 00 | |
| | | | Premium on same at 1 22⅝ | | | 223 75 | |
| | | | Voucher No 20 | | | | |
| | | | Carried forward | | | $2 447 50 | $6875 77 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought forward | $2 447 50 | $6 875 97 |
| | Also the following bonds due after June 30th 1881. | | |
| 1876 Jan 20 | Series of 1870, No 6591. Par value | 500 00 | |
| | Premium on same at 1 21/8 | 105 63 | |
| | Series of 1870, No 34251. Par value | 1 000 00 | |
| | Premium on same at 1 21/8 | 211 25 | |
| | Voucher No 46. | | 4 264 38 |
| | | | $11 140 35 |

Recapitulation

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1875 May 19 | Cash on hand per Inventory | $1 029 35 | |
| 1876 June 15 | Cash received to date | 10 111 00 | |
| | Contra | | |
| 1876 June 15 | Cash distributed to date | | $11 140 35 |
| | | $11 140 35 | $11 140 35 |

Robt T. Lincoln

State of Illinois }
County of Cook } ss

Robert T. Lincoln, Conservator of Mrs Mary Lincoln, being first duly sworn, on oath says that the foregoing is a just, full and true account of all his dealings and transactions, as such Conservator, and of all moneys received and disbursed by him on account of Mrs Mary Lincoln from the nineteenth day of May A.D. 1875 to the fifteenth day of June A.D. 1876.

Robt T. Lincoln

Subscribed and sworn to before me this Fifteenth day of June A.D. 1876.

H Lich
Clerk

June 15 1876
[illegible]

# *Index*


Adams, J. McGregor, 54
Allen, Mrs. (housekeeper), 87
Allen & Mackey, 12
Angle, Paul M., v
Arnold, Isaac N. (Mrs. Lincoln's lawyer), 45, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 56, 58, 60, 83

Baker, "Lewis," 136
Barton, Bruce, v
Bellevue Place Asylum, 118
Bernhardt, Sarah, 136
Bixby, Mrs. (of the famous letter), 104, 105
Blake, Dr. S. C., 54
Bradwell, Judge James B., 124, 125
Bunn, Jacob, 134
Burial, 138

Cameron, D. R., 55
Charles Gossage & Co., 12
Chicago Homeopathic College, 65
Chicago Medical College, 58, 72
Clifton House, 8
Cockeyed Bob, 51
Cogswell, Thomas, 55
Conkling, James C., 21, 137
Cook County Court, 35, 52, 116, 117, 130
Cummings, E. A., 55

Dale Drugstore, 120
Danforth, Dr. Willis, 65, 69
Davis, Judge David, 19, 20, 21, 41, 42, 44, 47, 93
Davis, Dr. Nathan S., 72, 73
Dodge, Charles, 87
Dolls, 3, 102, 123
Douglas, Stephen A., 7
Durand, Henry C., 55

Edwards, Ninian W., 125, 127, 128, 130, 134

Farwell, Charles B., 55
Fern, 25, 26, 27, 28, 119, 121
Fitzhenry, John (waiter at the Grand Pacific Hotel), 82

Gage, Lyman J., 54, 65, 74, 77, 138
Gavin, Maggie, 74ff.
Globe Tavern, 48
Grand Pacific Hotel, 7, 8, 21, 66, 74, 82, 90
Grant, General Ulysses S., 13, 33, 34, 47, 77, 78, 80, 86

Hay, John, 105
Harlan, Senator James, 5
Harris, Clara, 26
Harvard, 111
Henderson, Charles M., 55
Herndon, William H., 34, 106, 107, 108

Isham, Dr. Ralph N., 6, 24, 47, 51, 56, 57, 59, 60, 90
Isham & Lincoln, 59, 90, 93
Ivory fan, 99

Johnson, Dr. Hosmer A., 88
Jurymen (for second trial), 129

Lee, General Robert E., 80
Lincoln, Mary (granddaughter), 7, 11, 22, 126
Lincoln, Thomas ("Tad"), 79
Lunatic Record, 117, 132

"Madhouses" of America, 60
Mason, James A., 54
Matlock, T. C., 88
Moore, Silas M., 55
Moulton, E. G., 87
Mourning brooch, 46, 99

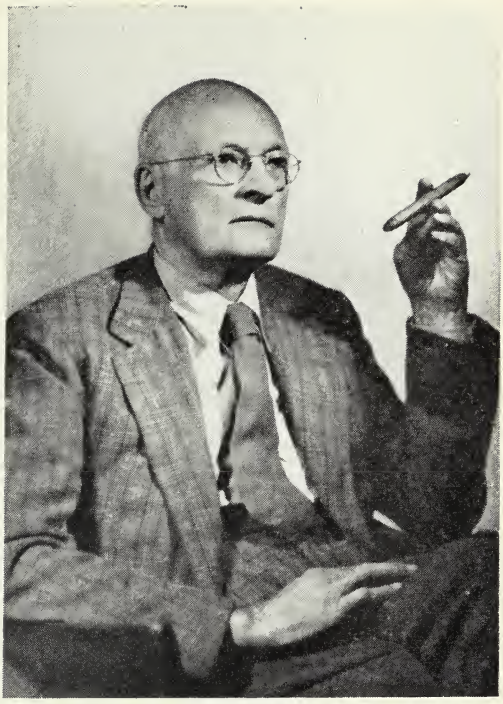
Paddock, Dr. R. M., 129
Patterson, Dr. Richard J., 121, 122, 125
Pau (France), 134, 135
Pension (raised by Congress), 137
Physicians conspire, 81
Pinkerton detectives, 94
Poison in coffee, 11, 16, 39, 64, 69, 95, 113

Randall, Ruth Painter, vi
Rogers & Smith Drugstore, 119
Rutledge, Ann, 34, 106, 107

Seaton, 87
Smith, Dr. Charles Gilman, 79
Squier, Frank, 119, 120, 121
Stewart, William, 55
Stone, J. B., salesman, 70
Stuart, John Todd, 15, 17, 47, 93
Swett, Leonard T., 30, *passim*

Tarbell, Ida M., v
Townsend, J. S., 87
Turner, Samuel M., 18, 27, 61, 62, 63, 64

Wallace, Judge Marion R. M., 40, 52, 54, 60, 67, 96, 103, 107, 110, 111, 128
Wandering Jew, 66, 101
Ward, Artemus, 86
White House, 9, 18, 22, 32, 69, 77, 95, 100, 101, 109, 113
Whitney, Henry C., 20, 30
Wooster, Willie, 85, 86, 87, 112

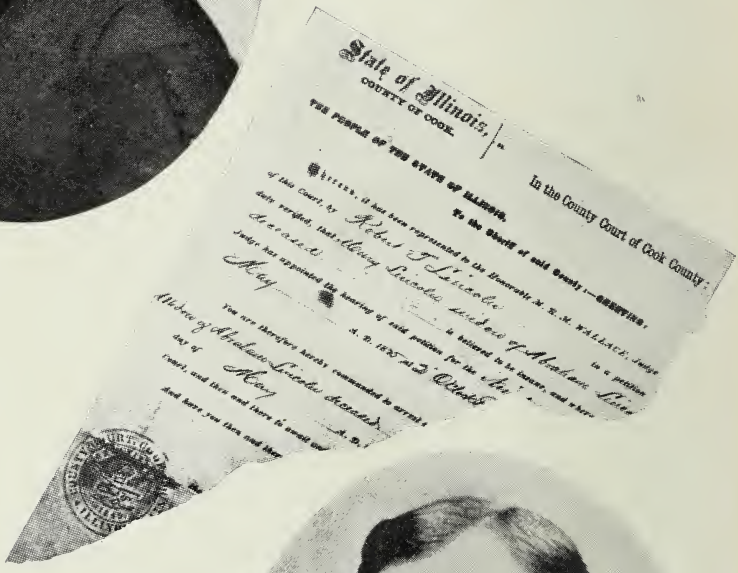


HOMER CROY was born on a farm near Maryville, Missouri, to parents who had been covered-wagon pioneers. He attended the Maryville High School and began writing at the age of sixteen for farm newspapers. While still in high school, he sold his first stories to eastern magazines.

Following his marriage, Mr. Croy traveled and lived in France, out of which grew his novel THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, which became Will Rogers' first movie and the beginning of a long, close friendship between the two men. Mr. Croy later adapted this same novel for the stage, where it became HELLO, PARIS!

His other books include JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR, HE HANGED THEM HIGH, THE LADY FROM COLORADO, STARMAKER: *The Story of D. W. Griffith*, and his best-selling autobiography, COUNTRY CURED.

Mrs. Lincoln at about the time of her trial. *Courtesy of The New-York Historical Society, New York City*

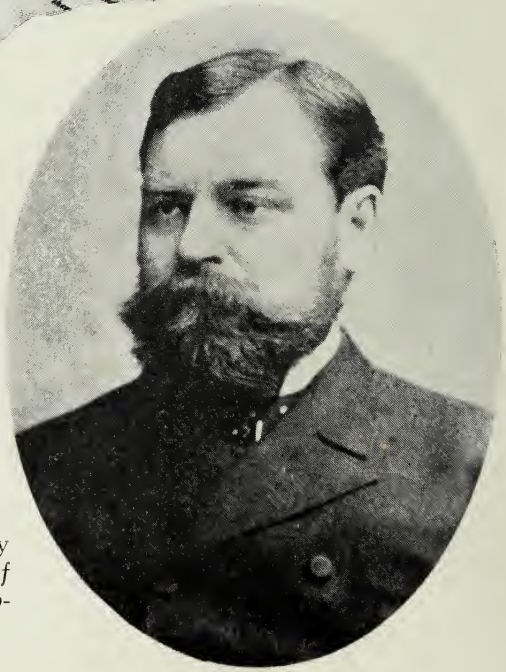


State of Illinois,
COUNTY OF COOK.

In the County Court of Cook County:

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,
To the Sheriff of said County—GREETING:

Order for the arrest of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. *From the collection of Henry Horner*



Robert Todd Lincoln shortly after the trial. *Courtesy of The New-York Historical Society, New York City*